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THE DREAMERS.

"They, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with their sighing,
And Babel itself in their mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of a new world's worth:
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth."

THE PACIFIC

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THE NATURALIZATION OF JAPANESE.

The admission of a Japanese to citizenship by the United States District Court judge at Denver, Colorado, the last week of November, it is to be hoped, will mark a change for the better in our treatment of the Japanese.

The applicant for naturalization had served faithfully in the United States Army for ten years, and the judge in granting citizenship expressed the judgment that a man who had shown a willingness to give his life to the nation, who was "good enough to be accepted as a fighter, was good enough also to be a citizen."

In the news item in one of our daily papers chronicling this action it was stated that this was the first time a Japanese had been admitted to citizenship in the United States. The census statistics for 1910 showed that 420 Japanese had been naturalized and that there were in this country at that time 327 holding first papers.

In 1905 Musuji Miyokawa, the distinguished international lawyer, and author and editor, on whom the Indiana State University conferred the degree of LL. D., was admitted to citizenship by a circuit court in Indiana. In 1907 another Japanese was admitted to citizenship in Florida by the United States District Court.

There have been several refusals where application has been made, and in a few cases the status of citizenship has been revoked. In 1902 a court in the State of Washington issued citizenship papers to Mr. Takuji Yamashita. Later when he applied for admission to the bar as an attorney-at-law, this application was refused and it was held that the court granting citizenship papers had exceeded its power and the same were revoked.

There is now pending in the United States Supreme Court a case, on the decision of which will, perhaps, rest the question of the naturalization of Japanese. In 1902 Mr. Ozawa took out first papers in California, and in 1915 applied in Honolulu for naturalization. This was refused, but on the recommendation of the local court Mr. Ozawa appealed to the Ninth District Court, and the case reached the United States Supreme Court some time ago. A decision at an early date is expected now.

It is worthy of note that the Congress of the United States has never specifically excluded the Japanese from naturalization. They have never been mentioned in an act as have the Chinese. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick states in his "American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship": "Even so recently as 1917, when Congress passed the most drastic and exclusive immigration laws that have ever been enacted in the United States, it took particular pains not to enact any phrase possibly implying Japanese ineligibility for citizenship. A phrase that might perhaps be so interpreted was deliberately dropped at the request of the Department of State, and a clause was inserted in its place specifying by latitude and longitude those to whom immigration would be refused. The debates in Congress in connection with that bill show how solicitous its members were to avoid even a possible implication that Japanese were inferior people, unfit for our life and therefore ineligible for naturalization."

Dr. Gulick's study of this question has led to the conclusion that historically and also in the major part of the practice of our courts the term "free white person" in our naturalization law is an inclusive, not an exclusive term, that it includes all races except the black and others that may be specifically mentioned.

As we survey the immigration question as it has been shaping itself for some time, we note with gratification a growing sentiment in favor of laws that will restrict all immigration to such numbers from each people or race as we can Americanize, and for the giving of the privilege of citizenship to every person who shall qualify for it, regardless of race.

OUTLOOK PROMISING FOR ORGANIC CHURCH UNION.

At the conference on organic union of The Protestant religious denominations in the United States held in Philadelphia last week resolutions were unanimously adopted approving such union and committees were appointed to arrange for a council for further consideration. Eighteen denominations were represented by 120 delegates.

Dr. Roberts, the stated clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, said that he had no doubt about the outcome, that organic union was coming. The resolutions that were adopted recommending the calling of an interdenominational council as early

as possible and at any event not later than 1920 were presented by Secretary Herring of the Congregational National Council. Bishop Berry of the Methodist Church remarked: "I am profoundly thankful to God that in these resolutions we have really done something toward the fulfillment of those ideals about which we have been talking and praying for 25 years."

Bishop Lines of the Protestant Episcopal Church said: "It is a great thing to be here today, for we have accomplished what will bring great results for the Christian Church and for religion."

Bishop Hamilton of the Methodist Church remarked: "The Bolsheviki movement is spreading through Europe. Unrest is bound to develop here. If conditions in this country become similar to those in Europe, a great united Christian Church will be imperative to save the country."

Dr. Ainslee of the Disciples or "Christian" Church, said: "The whole world is hungering for brotherhood. If the church will not lead in this movement it will be led by the socialists and labor unions. We must lay aside things on which we disagree and emphasize those on which we agree."

Bishop Talbot of the Protestant Episcopal Church declared: "If the clergy does not bring the churches together the laymen will do so by a religious revolution."

This conference in Philadelphia was the outcome of action taken by the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

So pervaded was this conference in Philadelphia with the spirit of unity and the determination to move on to the attainment of it that at its close the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was sung with unusual fervor.

A WARNING BY THE BRITISH PREMIER .

In an address in England a few weeks before the close of the war David Lloyd George sounded a warning to his countrymen which is as much needed in the United States as in England:

"I have been scanning the horizon," said the Premier, "and I can see flashes on the sky which indicate to me that there are great atmospheric disturbances in the social and economic world. . . . I have but one word of advice to my countrymen: 'Take heed in time.' "

In the course of his address Lloyd George remarked: "There is peril even in an appearance of procrastination." Another statement by Lloyd George was: "It is idle to pretend that this vast convulsion has taught us nothing. Men who learn nothing are fitted for nothing, and they certainly ought not to be employed in the settlement of after-the-war problems, because they are dangerous men." And he added: "I can heard sounds of elaborate preparation for setting up the old merry-go-round." And again: "For heaven's sake, don't let us plant new lands with barren fig trees."

Another way, this, of expressing, what he stated early in the war, that men must look forward to a new world, to a new order.

We commend the warning to the San Francisco Chronicle, a paper which is every day casting its influence on the reactionary side, laboring for the restoration of conditions as they were before the war. That means war between labor and capital to the knife hilt, and in the end labor will have its way, for it is constituted of the many, of the majority.

THE LABOR VIEW.

The Labor Clarion, a well edited paper, published by the San Francisco Labor Council, comments on what it calls the short-sightedness of certain leaders in the industrial world—certain employees. Mention is made of the recent address in New York of the President of the Foundrymen's Association, in which was the declaration that now that fighting had ceased there should be a movement at once to reduce wages and lengthen the hours of work. The judgment expressed by the Labor Clarion is in substance that men of that stripe "lack the sagacity to see the handwriting on the wall that is so clear to the normal human being who takes a casual glimpse at the situation." And a further word is: "The workers are going to insist upon exercising a telling influence upon industry and the conditions under which they will work. Any employer, therefore, who attempts to stand in the way of this progress will be brushed out of line by the forces of democracy. The day of the industrial despot has come to an end."

This is in line with the reconstruction program adopted a few weeks ago by the California Federation of Labor, the concluding paragraph of which was: "We therefore strongly urge upon the representatives of California industries that the same co-operation with labor be manifested in dealing with the problems of readjustment that prevailed during the period of the war. Only when the basic principle is accepted by capital as well as by labor can our industrial problems be equitably adjusted without the injection of European Bolshevism."

Just before the paragraph we have quoted was one inwhich was this declaration: "Only an intelligent response to and direction of the demand of the workers for a larger participation in the proceeds of industry can avert disaster to established government."

LABOR ASKS FOR REST DAY LEGISLATION.

The Labor Clarion, the organ of the San Francisco Labor Council, asks for "Day of Rest Legislation," remarking in that connection: "Innumerable shops and stores are kept open year in and year out, seven days a week, night as well as day, unnecessarily. . . Surely the workers engaged in those trades and callings are entitled to a day of rest and recreation. The time has passed in

this world when all the good things of life are to be enjoyed only by a chosen few, while the great mass of people continue to exist in suffering and travail, without pleasure, without recreation, having no reason for living but to work."

The Labor Clarion says that "unfortunately it is impossible to get all lines of business affected to bring about the necessary change by voluntary agreement to close their places on Sunday, that there will always be a greedy few remaining without the pale of any organization formed, thereby virtually compelling all others to keep open; accordingly that the only remedy is regulation by law."

This call for rest day legislation should be supported by the churches. It is headed in the right direction. Such legislation will not only give to thousands of persons a day for rest and recreation, but it will place them in circumstances in which it will be possible for the church the more readly to lay hold of them for their up-building spiritually.

The measure in mind by the Labor Clarion, we infer, would leave Sunday amusements untouched. Nothing other could be secured in California, and the tendency everywhere is toward less restriction than heretofore.

AUTOCRACY, BOLSHEVISM, OR TRUE DEMOCRACY.

Just, sure and sometimes swift is the operation of moral forces. It is startling, almost overwhelming, to witness the sudden crash of Autocracy in Europe followed by the sudden rise, not of its opposite, Democracy, but of its obverse, Bolshevism.

And yet what else could have been expected? Overthrow class rule in one form, and, without due attention to its true remedy and substitute, what is bound to follow—class rule in the reverse form! Autocracy—Bolshevism: what more natural?

It is some gain to be sure, to have the oppressed class on top. The Bolshevika have been unjustly maligned. But who knows how soon there will be another overturn and the now evicted class again in power?

What will save the world of today from this clash of classes and bring in true Democracy, which means the rule of no class, but of the people—all the people?

Surely, nothing but the Spirit of True Democracy, and that means, when you get to its root, something near the Spirit of Christ. The present issue then, is no less than this: Can the social order be suffused with the Spirit of Christ? Can class bitterness and suspicion be healed? Can there be a social order in which there is no arraying of one class against another but good will, cooperation, brotherhood?

Recent events have made it clear, with lightning-like rapidity, that the class-chasm is not confined to Russia, but extends throughout middle Europe and even to Great Britain and America and parts of the Orient. It is an immediate and threatening danger. Can it be averted, or will it wreck a civilization that has just escaped one peril to be confronted by another, and perhaps even greater?

The answer depends, finally, not on how well the governments can succeed in keeping revolutionary forces in control, but upon how much of the Spirit of Christ is in the world—the spirit of fairness and friendliness and patience, the Spirit of True Democracy. J. W. B.

A CONTRAST.

Josephine Amelia Burr has written a poem with the title on "The Way to the Cross," commemorating experiences of refugees on the way from Warsaw to Moscow in 1915, in which there is a noteworthy contrast. The first few lines set forth the weariness of the journey passing all words, the hunger and thrist,, the sickness of body and mind, the sorrow as they laid their dead away—but above all the comradeship, the refrain being,

"On the way of the cross we were comrades."

Then are set forth the shelter and comfort and rest of the city after Moscow had been reached—but withal, a pain and a loneliness that were not felt along the hard wearisome road over which they had come. Then, the ending of the poem is:

"How often, our Father in Heaven, must we learn and forget?
On the way of the cross we are comrades,
But when we are safe in the city, the vision grows dim,
Hand slips from hand, and the hearts that were quick with your fire
Grow clikered and dull. You have seen it so often; and yet
Why is your patience not weary? Because you are God
Can you see a day coming (ah, help us to make it our own!)
When the streets of the city shall be as the way of the cross,
And your children forever be comrades?"

THE BREAKER OF BARRIERS.

"In the years that have been I have bound man closer to man
And closer woman to woman;
And the stranger hath seen in a stranger his brother at last,
And a sister in eyes that were strange.
In the years that shall be I will bind me nation to nation
And shore unto shore," saith our God.
"Lo! I am the burster of bonds and the breaker of barriers;
I am he that shall free," saith the Lord.
"For the lingering battle, the contest of ages is ending,
And victory followeth me."

—Stephen Phillips.

RELIGIOUS WORLD NOTES.

"God is more popular today than he has been for a long time" was the remark made recently by an American soldier to Dr. Joseph Fort Newton of the City Temple, London.

"The one thing on coming back to England which makes me sick and ashamed is the drinking over here," remarked Dr. Jowett in a recent sermon. "We have to do something with this unclean thing." Dr. F. B. Meyer believes that the women of England will help toward prohibition by their newly acquired vote. And he advocates moving toward it by way of local option. It is deplorable that the accursed traffic cannot be more speedily throttled than by that method.

In his last report Secretary Barton of the American Board set forth statements showing that the missionaries in different countries were fighting the battles of human freedom, national righteousness and international good will not one whit less effectively than were the men in the trenches. Mention was made among other things of President Wilson's declaration that the American missionaries in Mexico were the chief saving, pacifying force, operating there to create and maintain friendly relations between the United States and Mexico. It is in view of such facts as these that we give the readers of The Pacific this month what we call "Mission Land Snapshots." We must be awake to our opportunities and responsibilities.

What is spirituality? The writer of an article in The Christian Century states what it is not, remarking that it is not the same as emotional piety, though many people think it is. Then, after mentioning some other things which it is not, he says: "Spirituality is **Christmindedness.**" St. Paul writing of those who walk by the spirit set forth what he "termed the fruit of the spirit, saying: "The fruit of the spirit is love—joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control." We follow Campbell Morgan's suggested punctuation of this verse, and so make "love" the fruit of the spirit, in the composition of which are the beautiful graces: Joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control.

In an article on the Y. M. C. A. War Work Training School at Stanford in which he taught the religious work course last summer the Rev. Albert W. Palmer says: "We had 38 men in our first session at Stanford and exactly 57 varieties at the second. They came from all over the Pacific Coast and represented the following occupations: Ministers, evangelist, carpenter, accountant, proofreader, editor, printer, auto mechanic, chauffeur, auto dealer, eltctrician, lawyers, orange-grower, teacher, commercial traveller, photographer, street car conductor, shoemaker, bakery sales manager, bookkeeper, real estate man, contractor, broker, music teacher, organist, osteopathic physician, city clerk, jeweller, architect, school superintendent, high school principal, probation officer, criminal identification expert, turnkey in county jail and one man who had done nothing for twenty years but sell stained glass windows to churches. Our student were all men of mature years, most over 35; all had volunteered for over-seas service. One man had already lost four brothers at the front and several were crippled in some way that made Y. M. C. A. work their only chance of getting into the war. All were men of tremendous earnestness and self-sacrificing."

"We know better than to bother men about religion at the front" wrote Miss Evangeline Booth, the Commander of the Salvation Army in America, in an article in The Forum. "When the time comes they want to lead righteous, careful lives they let us know quickly enough. Good pure women toiling with them in the mud and danger have an effect upon them, sure enough. It gives the most careless of them pause. It prompts men to come to us just before they go over the top, impart their little secrets, leave last messages, have a little prayer perhaps, place a bundle of little old trinkets in our hands, and then fare forth to do or die. If they come back the trinkets are restored. If they do not come back, then we may have to plod out into the arid deserts of Arizona to deliver a silver watch to some old mother, with the word that her boy died in the faith of Jesus Christ, loving his country and her and true to his fellow men even as to to his God." Miss Booth stated that so great had become the general volume of the Salva- at the Front" is the title of the article by Miss Booth from which we have been quoting. That's what the Salvation Army has been doing "over there," and it is not surprising that the boys have been drawn to its workers as with hooks of steel and have sent home glowing words about the service rendered. Of them, and with them, and serving them—that is one way Miss Booth expresses it.

The work the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations have been doing in Europe during the war is needed there today just as much as it was while the war was going on—probably it is needed more. A woman worker who returned last month from France to New York says of the soldiers over there: "They are homesick beyond words. No one has any conception of how homesick they are. There is nothing familiar about them. The language, the people, the country, the customs, are strange. Most of them don't speak French and don't want to. From some of the smaller camps where they have no canteens, they will walk miles for a cup of chocolate and a little talk with English-speaking people. They are especially glad to see American women and all the American women who can go, and are fitted to go, should do so for the months whch are coming. The incentive of fighting will be over, and whatever work there will be to do will be more like drudgery to them. The number of men to be taken care of at a time at huts

and canteens will be greatly increased, and more workers will be needel. Movies are their favorite diversion, and they cannot get enough of them. If there were movies every night they would always be crowded. Pictures of home are, of course, the favorite, and French movies bring forth a chorus of groans and much worse than groans." The statement that 3000 of the 8,000 additional Y. M. C. A. workers recently called for will be educational secretaries indicates that while the soldiers remain in France and elsewhere abroad they are to be given every possible opportunity for improvement.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

There are five million girls in the United States outside of the cities. The County Y. W. C. A. movement which began ten years ago reaches a few of them—work being carried on in about fifty counties. But there are 3000 counties. It is a good work and ought to be developed, or something like it.

A well known war correspondent has written: "I never understood the meaning of such words as comradeship and worship till I saw the boys dying together in the trenches. A new era of religion is coming which will not have less of God in it, but it will contain more of the element of human fellowship and patient tolerance than has ever been known on the earth."

Among the young men laying down their lives in France was Lieutenant Walter Cook Lee, son of the Rev. George H. Lee who was for several years a Congregational pastor in Seattle, now pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Newberg, Oregon. Lieutenant Lee was a graduate of Whitman College in the class of 1914, and at the time the United States entered the war was Librarian at Whitman College.

A drive for funds for Armenian and Syrian relief is staged for the week beginning January 12. The committees having the work in charge on the Pacific Coast are hoping that all pastors will bring this to the attention of their congregations on Sunday January 12 or on the previous Sunday, by sermons or addresses or extended comment thereon. The devastation and suffering have been awful and the need for help is as great as ever.

Ex-president Eliot of Harvard being asked how the 47 Chinese students in Harvard a few years ago compared with the American students replied: "I should have to search among hundreds of Americans to find their equals." Dr. Fulton who was for 30 years a missionary leader in China has said: "I will match Chinese children with the children of any other nation both in their desire to learn and in their ability to reach a high standard."

Prominent New York politicians predict that the legislature of that state will ratify the national prohibition amendment. It is stated that thirty-four of the fifty senators in Illinois will vote for ratification, and eighty-two of the 153 representatives. California seems to be safe for ratificatin, and also Missouri long dominated by the breweries. The superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Pennsylvania says: "You may count on Pennsylvania. Even Wisconsin, long a liquor interest stronghold seems to be in the dry column. Some Anti-Saloon League workers are predicting that 43 states will ratify. Only 36 are required and there appears to be no doubt that this number will be secured. Surely, God is marching on.

A recent report from a representative of the Department of Commerce at Shanghai, China, tells of the great variety of foreign goods handled by two large modern department stories in Shanghai. Mention is made of one great exception on the part of the Chinese to adopt Western things, and that relates to women's wearing apparel. Up to the present time Chinese women have shown no inclination to change their wearing apparel for that of the women of other countries, nor for adopting millinery. The Chinese women are very fond of jewelry, and instead of expensive millinery they prefer to decorate their hands with gold, silver, and jeweled adornments. Watches are very popular and often a woman may be seen wearing not only a wrist watch but also one or two pendent jeweled watches. Wrist watches are popular with the men also.

During the last two or three weeks the steamship offices in New York have been thronged with people anxious to arrange to visit relatives in France, England, Italy, Belgium and other countries. The wives of many army officers have applied for leave to go to France and return to America with their husbands when the troops return. The State Department at Washington has notified the steamship lines that the passport restrictions will not be removed until at least six months after the peace treaty has been signed. In the meantime Americans and aliens who have urgent reasons to go abroad will be able to get passports which have to be stamped at the respective consulates and by the Customs Intelligence officials. Women are allowed to cross the ocean, but the British Ministry will not permit more than twenty-five to sail on each ship. Steamship agents state that they do not expect the regular Atlantic passenger business to be resumed until the spring of 1920. Fares will remain high to all parts of the world, and there is very little chance of the popular cheap tourist travel being renewed for a long time to come, as railroad and hotel rates have increased from 50 to 100 per cent, everywhere, including India and the Far East. Steerage travel cannot be resumed until the troop fittings have been removed from the big passenger ships. Agents estimate that there are at least 500,000 waiting to book in various parts of the United States, and about 250-000 first and second cabin passengers.

In the month of September, 1914, a short time after the great world was began, Harriet H. Rix, a New Thought adherent and teacher, had a mental picture which came to her as a vital, strong impression just after she had awakened from sleep one morning. She wrote of it at the time as follows: "I saw a long narrow path with grass and flowers on either side, and in the distance the figure of a large woman coming directly toward me. As she drew nearer I was amazed at the weight and grossness of her body, she was so top-heavy and ill-proportioned as to walk with great difficulty. When she came within a few feet of me, I saw that her face was full of sadness; and in a mournful voice she addressed me, saying, "I am your sister, Germany." I answered, 'Yes, I understand." Then she said, I have come to judgment through my materialism and selfishness." Again I said, "yes, but you will rise victorious." She did not address me again but passing by me moved slowly to the end of the path which terminated in a deep gorge, the sides of which were perpendicular. At first I could see no means of crossing it, and felt that one more step would plunge her to death. She made no complaint, but being obliged to walk forward by a strong invisible power, she bravely and with a certain faith took a step forward into space. Immediaeely I could see what until now had been invisible—the trunk of a very small tree which spanned the chasm from side to side. Its appearance was that of a most dangerous bridge, swaying as it did in the wind. She had taken about a half dozen steps, every one of which threatened to throw her into space, when suddenly before her and walking backward over the tree appeared a laughing joyous little girl. She extended her hands to Germany in full assurance of safety. I watched them to the other side of the chasm and knew with joy in my heart that a new and spiritual Germany had been born."

HOW HUBER BURR WENT ON FROM THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC TO THE GOSPEL.

The Pacific has from The Y. M C. A. press department in New York the following story of some of the experiences of the Rev. Huber Burr in France:

A letter from Paris says that one man has told the story of Joan of Arc to more than one hundred groups of American soldiers in the last six months, and although he is a preacher he insists that his talks on French history have been of greater value than twice the number of eloquent sermons. Not that he underestimates the value of religious work among the soldiers; he can prove the need and demand for it.

The Rev. Huber Burr came over here from Berkeley, Cal., last spring along with a host of Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus and Salvation Army workers, prepared to do anything that came to hand to provide recreation for the American fighting men and keep up their morale. He had a few preconceived notions as to how this ought to be done, but these were discarded soon after he reached the first post to which he was assigned by the Y. M. C. A.

"Another preacher, eh?" was the greeting of the commanding officer of the naval aviation station as he reported his arrival. "You'll find, Mr. Burr, that the boys in this camp want mighty little preaching."

So Mr. Burr began to give them French history.

"What's on tonight at the 'Y'?" he was asked as he was getting his hut into running order.

"Guess we'll have a lecture tonight," was the reply to the enlisted men.

"Aw, we don't want a lecture."

"Not many did want a lecture, as the attendance proved. But those who heard Mr. Burr became volunteer press agents for the next lecture, and soon he was telling of Joan of Arc and narrating other stories from French history to crowds that taxed the capacity of the "Y" centre. Thereafter the lectures were given on a hillside, in the public square and places where all who desired might get within hearing of the speaker's voice. A major who was in the audience one night sent word that his lecture was one of the best he had ever heard and that he had held the men spellbound. This particular talk had been give in pitch dark on the side of a hill.

And all this time not a word about religion. On Decoration Day Mr. Burr was asked by the commanding officer to go to a little French cemetery and commit the body of an unknown sailor to a grave there. It was very impressive to see the enlisted men standing by the open grave, said Mr. Burr, and at the close of his address to have the boys crowd around him and say: "Why can't we have services like that in camp?"

After that they had religious services in the "Y" hut.

THE CHURCH AND THE NEW ERA.

By Charles L. Kloss, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.

"I was glad when they said, let us go up to the house of the Lord." In view of the steady decline in church attendance is not this a moribund sentiment?

A pharaphrase to fit local conditions would work out something like this:

I was glad when they said, let us go to Idora Park and see two hair-brained chauffeurs drive their automobiles into a head-on collision—that is, ten thousand people said they were glad.

I was glad when they said let us go to Neptune Beach and see the human fish lop off a half second from his record—that is, twelve thousand said they were glad.

I was glad when they said let us go on an auto picnic to Mt. Diablo or some equally euphonious and attractive out of door spot—that is, the owners of fifteen thousand automobiles, who started

from East Bay points last Sunday, said they were glad.

I was glad when they said let us go to the movies and see the hero of a thrilling scenario climb a precipitous cliff, rescue a fair maiden from fiendish bandits, shoot forty of them and then descend hand over hand with the aforesaid maiden to safety, tears and applause—that is, twenty thousand of Oakland's citizens said they were glad a few Sunday evenings ago. In thirty-eight theatres and moving picture houses in Oakland proper the average attendance is seldom less than the figure above. This is not so startling as the fact that there were more church members in attendance at these places of amusement than in the churches.

On one of these same Sunday evenings in a church of five hundred members, possessing a building of fine appointments with splendid music, modern address, there was an attendance of a dozen over a hundred, but only seventeen of this number were members of that particular church. When a service of praise and worship is ignored and repudiated by its own supporters you have the sufficient explanation for the crowded amusement places.

We are all aware that conditions are different from fifty years ago when the church was the center of community life. Now there are hundreds of insistent things that claim attention. The Sunday newspaper, the attractive magazines, the flood of new books, are all enticing. The trolley and auto transport quickly to Nature's beauty spots. Business is more exacting and the week is full of opportunity to hear brilliant lectures, spiritual and ethical addresses. Many of the best musical concerts are scheduled for Sunday. The changed intellectual attitude must also be taken into account. Our fathers were interested in theology, we are discussing sociology.

But none of these go to the heart of the problem. The startling fact in the present situation is not that the multitudes are indifferent to the churches, but that the churches are indifferent to the multitudes.

The conventional church has failed not only in brotherhood; it has denied for the most part its spiritual dynamic, the chiefest warrant for its existence. Every church of Christ should be a power station so vital and magnetic that no man could pass it with indifference. Either he should be attracted or repelled; love it or hate it and all it stands for.

The great war has introduced a wonderful new era. It is an era of big things and no one denomination is equal to meet its challenge, so it is manifest that now the hour has come for thorough-going unity. The war too has not dwarfed but rather emphasized the spiritual conquest of the world. If Christ is to be enthroned in the affairs of government and commerce, if his law of justice and love is to dominate social relations then his followers must be aflame with passion. The world is ready for a church that is repentant, that will hew to the line and cast out the money changers and defilers of the temple. In the fierce, white light of present events, the apocalyptic message is writ large for our contemplation—BEHOLD I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW. This is the day for a new alignment, a new ardor, a new crusade.

The church of today will win out against the earth-gods not because of equipment, elaborate organization or ritual, but by its use of spiritual weapons. If there exists a church that is willing to part company with its second-hand ecclesiastical furniture, its worn-out symbolism; a church that will incinerate the grave cloths of extinct experiences and literally lose its life for the kingdom's sake, that church will have to be taken into account. That kind of a church will answer the cry of human helplessness, and no book, magazine, nature-worship, or Sunday golf can take its place.

The war has brought to pass unexampled enthusiasm and a wealth of sacrifice. The world is waiting for the church to match all this and conserve it with a splendor of zeal, a heroism of self sacrifice, a majesty of conquering faith that will bring in the kingdom as in a day. Does not Charles Kingsley say in one of his novels, "If the Christian church were what she ought to be and could be for a single day, the world would be converted before nightfall?"

This is the church's golden hour of opportunity and the message of J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., Sherwood Eddy and others is indicative of what is stirring in the hearts of many. But to measure up to the responsibilities of this era, the church must exalt prayer, devotions and witnessing first and then social service to the limit. It may be necessary to empty our churches and reduce for the time our numbers to Gideon's little company who are fit to fight. If but a few believe with intensity, and prove their faith by whole-hearted investment of money, brains, vitality, who say with the apostle, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain"; "I determined to know nothing amongst you save Jesus Christ and him crucified," then again we shall witness the mathematical miracle of "one chasing a thousand and two putting ten thousand to flight."

THE REMAINING FAITH.

"Father, I know not Thy great Plan
Nor of the thing to be;
But this I know; through ages slow
Thy world grows nearer Thee.

Through all the dark of time that's past,
Since breath and life began,—
Through prideful wrong, triumphant, strong,—
Still wrought Thy fore-known Plan.

Though none may thrust the veil aside
To see the future clear,
Grand, patient, sure, Good doth endure,
Thy Kingdom draw more near."

Every great truth in all the ages has had to battle for recognition.

MISSION LAND SNAPSHOTS.

It is said that forty million people in India go to bed hungry every night—that is they lie down to sleep on a mud floor. A few years ago the average income per capita was nine dollars.

India, with an area less than half that of the United States, has one-fifth the population of the world. She has more races than all Europe has, and they speak 147 different languages.

Chile in South America has one of the finest climates in the world, but the death rate there is twice what it is in the United States, and 75 per cent of the children die before they are two years old.

India has three times the population of the United States but only two-fifths as many pupils in the schools. Two hundred and eighty-eight millions of her three hundred and fifteen millions are unable to read or write.

Valparaiso, Chile, has one saloon for every 24 men. In one year recently there were 600 more cases of drunkenness among her population of 180,000 than among London's five millions. And yet London has been regarded as a besotted city.

In India, a land famous for its scholars and learned pundits, eighty-nine per cent of the men and ninety-nine per cent of the women are unable to read or write. But India is awakening, and the Christian Church has there one of its most golden opportunities.

In China 95 per cent of the population is illiterate; only two per cent of the children attend school. The population of China doubles in 80 years. By the year 2000 it will probably be eight hundred million. With a similar growth in Japan, Malaysia and India the yellow races will by that date be about equal to the white race.

Japan needs Christianity supremely because the maral foundations of her national life are slipping away. Out of 55,000,000 people there are only about 150,000 Protestant Christians. There are 26,000,000 people absolutely untouched by the gospel—with no facilities for hearing it. Millions have never listened to Christian preaching.

Buenos Ayres in South America has a population of a million and a half, and Robert E. Speer says that not two hundred men are to be seen at church on Sundays. In a recent Y. M. C. A. canvass only four students out of 5,000 in that city expressed any faith in Christianity or any belief in God. It is stated that at least one-half of the men in the South American republics have broken away from Rome, and the intellectual class has moved almost in a body into skepticism and agnosticism.

A population of 250,000,000 is predicted for Latin America by the end of this century. On the East the doors are open to Europe and Africa; on the West to Asia. It is said that five hundred million people can be maintained in South America. Robert E. Speer says: "I honestly believe that no place in all the world more needs the gospel." The wealth of South America is almost boundless. Four-fifths of the world's coffee comes from Brazil; and one-half of the rubber of all the world is a South American product. Next to South Africa she contributes more diamonds than any other country in the world.

The Anglo-Chinese School at Singapore, founded by Bishop Oldham of the Methodist Church when he was a missionary there, is the largest educational institution outside of Japan in the Far East. Recently wealthy Chinese merchants at Singapore gave $500,000 in cash and $1,000,000 in property for an enlargement of this college. The Springfield Republican in a note chronicling this remarked: "None of the givers are Christians, but they have been convinced of the value of the work done by the Christian college. As soon as organization plans can be put into action this school will rank as one of the great schools of the Orient and one of the splendid universities of the world. In scholastic work it will be absolutely of the highest rank."

Singapore, the great center and metropolis of Malaysia, is also one of the world's great pivot points of travel. We read in "The Christian Crusade for World Democracy": "You cannot get from India or Europe to China or Japan or anywhere onto the Pacific Ocean without passing through the narrow straits of Singapore, or else going so far east as to make the voyage almost impossible. The city of Singapore is the distributing point for all Asia and a transfer point for the world. It is probably the most cosmopolitan city of the world. One may stand at a crowded street corner and count forty different nationalities passing within an hour. In that city of 300,000, more than 69 different languages are spoken." And so the message is: "Whatever is planted firmly in Singapore soon spreads out through the millions of Malaysia and throughout all the Orient. It is a nerve center of the Eastern world and a place of supreme vantage for Christianity."

There are said to be three keys to the Pacific in Christian strategy—Tokyo, Manila and Singapore. The winning of these keys will mean open doors to Christian mastery in Japan, in the Philippines, and in Malaysia. Malaysia is the composite name for group of countries and islands in the Pacific. They are the Malay Peninsula in Southeastern Asia, and that group of many islands in which are those four large ones—Sumatra, Borneo, New Guinea and Java. There are thousands of small islands. The people number six million, about one-half of whom are packed in Java. Vast areas are very sparsely populated, however. Malaysia has been called "The Melting Pot of Asia." It has a strategic position and a large immigration is flowing to it. When the Governor General was asked not long ago, how many Chinese he could encourage to go to Malaysia, he replied, "Fifty millions, if you can spare them." Immigration is making a

new race in Malaysia. More than 250,000 Chinese and 60,000 people of India go every year to Malaysia and are rapidly interfusing with the Malays.

China is called "The Awakening Giant" in an article in "The Christian Crusade for World Democracy." Putnam Weale has said: "The Chinese question is the world question of the twentieth century." Another writer says: "To try to picture the transformation which China is undergoing puts a hard strain on the dictionary. Writers on China in the past fifteen years have ransacked the dictionary for all the words that look like the Whirlpool Rapids below Niagara Falls and have pressed them into service. We have had in rapid succession, China in Convulsion, Conflict of Color, The Changing Chinese, The New Day in China, The Uplift, The Awakening, The Emergency, The Revolution, China Inside Out, and China Upside Down. . . . It is a political revolution, a moral advance, an intellectual renaissance, a religious reformation, and a nineteenth century of scientific and industrial development combined."

In six months' time in 1917, the United States Government spent enough money in the patrol of the Mexican border under General Pershing to build a college, a hospital, a church and a social settlement in every city of 4,000 in the Republic of Mexico, equip them magnificently, and maintain them for one year. Eighty per cent of the population of Mexico is illiterate. Schools are few in number. About forty per cent of the population is native aboriginal stock, and among these education is practically unknown. The provision in the new constitution against foreign religious workers was aimed to kill the political influence of the Roman Catholic Church. It was not intended to interfere with Protestant religious work, and has not interferred with it. Although the Protestant missionaries are not allowed to administer the sacraments, they have remained there and are unhindered in their work of teaching and preaching and publishing. We learn from a survey of the conditions: "Never was the response to a vital Protestant Christianity so large in Mexico as today. The weakening power of the priests and the liberalizing influence of the revolution on religious thought have furthered a marked response to evangelizing efforts. Never have such crowds attended Protestant preaching services. In 1917 a great revival in Mexico City resulted in the professed conversion of one thousand people. There is a new eagerness to read Christian literature. The sale of Bibles has increased over four times in the last few years. In 1917 it was well over 100,000." Many of the constitutionalist generals and other leaders are either Protestant Christians or attendants at Protestant services. Mexican Protestant Christians are hopeful and active."

The problem with which the Church is confronted in Africa is one of the greatest in the world. The future of Africa has important bearing on the future of Christianity and of the world. There is urgent need today for supplying the enlightening influences of Christianity if Africa is not to be a menace to the world. The Bible has been translated into 100 African tongues, but there are 423 without it. In Africa there are 843 varieties of speech, 543 distinct languages and 300 dialects. There is no ancient civilization in Africa as in India and China, and everything must be taught. Often words have to be invented for the most elementary Christian ideas and terms. The process of education is slow and exhausting. In 1875 not more than a tenth of Africa was under white domination. Today, the whole of the continent with the exception of Abyssinia and the small republic of Liberia is under European rule. There are twenty-five thousand miles of railroad, and cities populated by Europeans that will ere many decades become Chicagos. "If you still think of the Pyramids and the Sphinx as the most exciting things in North Africa, you are almost as far behind the times as the mummies themselves," says a writer on Africa. The three problems in Africa today for the Christian world have been stated in this manner: "In the north is Mohammedan Africa, with a population of 40,000,000, the base of the movement of Mohammedanism to the south. In the south is the commercial European civilization which is just as real a peril in another way to the welfare of Africa. There are 10,000,000 in this civilized, Europeanized part, nominally Christian South Africa. Between these two advancing forces on the north and south is Central pagan Africa, with 80,000,000. The great majority are still in an uncivilized state, devotees of pagan religions that are doomed, backward children in mind, the easy victims of exploitation accompanied with the white man's vices and the easy prey to the Mohammedan zealot.

WANDERERS.

Our feet have wandered from Thy path,
O lowly Christ of Galilee,
Sweet prophet of the helping hand,
Meek Lord of love and sympathy.

Thy faith was but to walk with God
With humble heart and open mind,
But we have builded shrines of stone
In which to worship—spirit-blind!

In poverty Thy life was set;
No place was Thine to lay Thy head;
But they must dwell in lordly pomp
By whom our stately prayers are said.

We lift our heads in loveless vows,
We glory in our well-wrought creed,
Though righteouesness alone avails,
Though mercy is the only need.

Break down, O Christ, our heartless faith,
And give to us that spirit fine
Which feels in Thee a Comrade strong,,
In every soul a friend of Thine.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER!

The war is over and there is an aftermath which bodes not well for humanity. Here is a part of a war-time poem by Josephine Amelia Burr that has its suggestive lesson yet today:

"Sister," he said, "this mercy talk sounds well,
Until a man has known what I have known.
Give me a chance, I'll hand them back their own
And make them feel a little of the hell
They've been so generous with.
His eyes were grim
With long arrears of suffering and hate.
. . . . .
At her next sight of him
He staggered sweating under the limp weight
Of a huge wounded prisoner, and he cried:
"Oh, Sister, come—come quick! Here's a poor lad
That's got it bad!"

Here is another poem by the same author which we have read again and again of late. We pass it on to the readers of The Pacific. Such thoughts as are set forth therein cannot take too deep root these days:

"I hate them all!" said old Gaspard,
And in his weather-beaten face
The lines of bitterness grew hard,
For he had seen his dwelling place
Laid waste in very wantonness
And all his little treasures flung
Into that never-sated press
From which no wine, but gall, had sprung.
And not his heart alone was sore,
For in his frail old limbs he bore
Wounds of the heavy ruthless hand
That weighed so cruelly of late
Upon the people and the land.
It was not hard to understand
Why old Gaspard should hate
Even the German lad who lay
His neighbor in the hospital,
The boy who pleaded night and day,
"Don't let me die! Don't let me die!
When I see the dawn I know
I shall live out that day, and then
I'm not afraid . . . till dark . . . but oh,
How soon the night comes round again!
Don't let me die! Don't let me die!"
The old man muttered at each low
Pitiful half-delirious cry,
"They should die, had I the say,
In hell's own torment, one and all!"
And then would drag himself away
Despite each motion's agony
To where the wounded poilus lay,
To cheer them with his mimicry
Of barnyard noises, and his gay
Old songs of what life used to be.
One night the lad suddenly cried,
"Mother!" And though the Sister knew,
He was so young, so terrified,
"You're safe, the east is light," she lied.
But "No," he sobbed. "The cock must crow
Before the dawn—" They did not hear
A cripple crawl across the floor;
But all at once, outside the door,
In the courtyard, strong and clear
Once, twice and thrice, chanticleer crew.
The blue eyes closed, and the boy sighed,
"I'm not afraid, now day's begun.
I'll live . . . till . . . " with a smile he died.

And in that hour when he denied
The god of hate, I think that One
Passed the hospital's dark yard
And turning looked on old Gaspard.

"IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD GOD."

The Experiences of a Man Who Would Not Deal with Subordinates.

In his recent book, **Joan and Peter**, H. G. Wells, present in a striking manner, some of his ideas concerning God and Man and their relation to each other in the ordering of the universe and especially in the progress of life on this planet. Peter, one of the chief characters, had met with an aeroplane accident while a participant in the war. A German had sent him wounded and crumpled and senseless to mundane things down through the airy blue above to earth below. Peter's first question after he touched the ground was, What business had this beastly German to come interfering with his life. He determined to make a formal complaint about the conduct of the universe, refused to deal with subordinates, insisted on seeing the Head, and so at last found himself in the presence of the Lord God. When, after many difficulties he reached the office of the Lord God, he found him in the midst of experiments while all around him was dust and dirt and litter. To his blunt question to the Lord God, "Did you really make this world? came the reply, "I thought I did."

"But why did you do it? Why?

"Ah, there you have me!" said the Lord God with bonhomme.

"But why don't you exert yourself?" said Peter hammering at the desk with his sound hand. "Why don't you exert yourself " "Here was I, sir, and millions like me, with a clean promise of life and freedom! And what are we now? Bruises, red bones, dead bodies. This German Kaiser fellow—an ass, sir, a perfect ass, boring a great hole in my shoulder! He and his son stuffing themselves with a blut-worst made out of all our lives and happiness. What does it mean, sir? Has it gone entirely out of your control? And it isn't as if the whole thing was ridiculous, sir. It isn't. In some ways it's an extraordinarily fine world—one has to admit that. That is why it is all so distressing, so unendurably distressing. I don't in the least want to leave it."

"You admit that it is fine in places, said the Lord God, as if he valued the admission.

"But the management, sir, the management! Yours—ultimately. Don't you realize it, sir? I

had the greatest trouble in finding you. Half the messengers don't know where this den of yours is. It's forgotten. Practically forgotten. The Head office! And now, I'm here I can tell you everything is going to rack and ruin, driving straight to an absolute and final smash and break up."

"As bad as that " said the Lord God.

"It's the appalling waste," Peter continued. The waste of material, the waste of us, the waste of everything. A sort of splendor in it, there is; touches of real genius about it, that I would be the last to deny; but that only increases the bitterness of the disorder. It's a good enough world to lament. It's a good enough life to resent having to lose it. There's some lovely things in it, sir; courage, endurance, and oh! many beautiful things. But when one gets here, when one begins to ask for you and hunt about for you, and finds this, this muddle, sir, then one begins to understand. Look at this room, consider it—as a general manager's room. No decency, no order. Everywhere the dust of ages, much indescribable, bacteria! And that!"

That was a cobweb across the grimy window pane, in which a freshly entanged blue-bottle fly was buzzing fussily.

"That ought not to be here at all, said Peter. "It really ought not to exist at all! Why does it? Look at that beastly spider in the corner! Why do you suffer all these cruel and unclean things?"

"You don't like it?" said the Lord God, without any sign either of apology or explanation.

"No," said Peter.

"Then, change it," said the Lord God, nodding his head as who should say, "got you there!"

"But how are we to change it?"

"If you have no will to change it, you have no right to criticise it," said the Lord God, leaning back with the weariness of one who has had to argue with each generation from Job onward precisely the same objections and precisely the same arguments.

"After all," said the Lord God, giving Peter no time to speak further; "after all, you are three and twenty, Mr. Peter Stubland, and you've been pretty busy complaining of me and everything between me and you, your masters, pastors, teachers, and so forth, for the last half dozen years. Meanwhile is your own record good? Positive achievements, forgive me, are still to seek. You've been nearly drunk several times, you've soiled yourself with a lot of very cheap and greedy love-making. I gave you something beautiful there anyhow, and you knew that while you spoilt it. You've been a vigorous member of the consuming class, and what the Salavation Army has been doing "over there," and it is not surprising that the boys have been drawn to them as with hooks of steel and really you've got nothing clear and planned, nothing. You complain of my lack of order; where's the order in your own mind? If I was the hot-tempered old autocrat some of you people pretend I am, I should have been tickling you up with a thunderboldt long ago. But I happen to have this democratic fad as badly as any one—Free Will is what they used to call it—and so I leave you to work out your own salvation. And if I leave you alone then I have to leave that other—that other Mr. Toad at Potsdam alone. He tries me, I admit, almost to the miracle pitch at times with the tone of his everlasting prepaid telegrams; but one has to be fair. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the Kaiser. I've got to leave you all alone if I leave one alone. Don't you see that? In spite of the mess you are in, So don't blame me. Don't blame me. There isn't a thing in the whole of this concern of mine that man can't control if only he choose to control it. It's arranged like that. There's a lot more system here than you suspect, only it's too ingenuous for you to see. It's yours to command. If you want a card index for the world —well, get a card index. I won't prevent you. If you don't like my spiders, kill my spiders. I'm not conceited about them. If you don't like the Kaiser, hang him, assassinate him. Why don't you abolish kings? You could. But it was your sort, with your cheap and quick efficiency scheme, who set up Saul—in spite of my protests—years ago. Humanity either makes or breeds or tolerates all its own afflictions, great and small. Not my doing. Take kings and courts. Take dung-heaps and flies. It's astonishing you people haven't killed off all the flies in the world long ago. They do no end of mischief, and it would be perfectly easy to do. They're purely educational. Purely. Even as you lie in hospital, there they are buzzing within an inch of oyur nose and landing on your forehead to remind you of what a properly organized humanity could do for its own comfort. But there's men in the world who want me to act as a fly-paper, simply because they're too lazzy to get one for themselves. My dear, Mr. Peter, if people haven't taught you, properly, teach yourself. If tbey don't know enough, find out. It's all here. All here." He made a comprehensive gesture. "I'm not mocking you."

"You're not mocking me?" said Peter keenly.

"It depends upon you," said the Lord God with an enigmatic smile. "You asked me why I didn't exert myself. Well, why don't you exert yourself?

"Why don't you exert yourself? The Lord God repeated almost rudely, driving it home.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings and feel f near,
And just wthin our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
But still our place is kept and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen!

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

Live deeply and you will grow sublimely. Let your desires be tempered by your ideals and necessities and not by your fleshly lusts.

OVER THE SIERRAS ON A WAR DRIVE.

By Roy H. Campbell.

(Mr. Campbell has during the war been associated with the Army and Navy work of the Y. M. C. A. in California. He was one of the six District Directors organizing in California the United War Work Campaign.)

My Dodge Brothers' speedometer, my bank balance, and my shoulder muscles all testify that the United War Work Campaign has required of me an unusual journey. Over on the other side of the Sierras Inyo and Mono Counties stretch north and south for three days of hard driving through desert sand. Just why the railroad misses all the important towns in Inyo and sheers off a good eighty miles from the county seat of Mono, lies thoroughly concealed in the early dreams of railroad builders. If you wish to do business with representative people you must trust to gasoline and oil. Your road is two endless ruts in sand, six inches deep, paralleling each other an antomobile width apart. Every twenty-five feet or thereabouts it swerves to right or left without reason. Your arms ache after a bit with the constant whirling of the wheel.

I had supposed that a desert was an arid country near sea level. But here is a desert that runs half way up the mountain, keeping, except in rare patches, its sand and sage brush, its hot days and cold nights. The towns, miles apart, are havens of green on the oases made by the snow water streams from the nearby range. And the people who dwell therein are just as eager as others to do their full share of California's five million dollars for the comfort of her fighting men. So the District Director must organize them for action. From headquarters in Fresno back again the speedometer registers close to one thousand miles. You complete a round trip journey without doubling on yourself once. You cross the Sierras over the Tehachapi pass, skirt the eastern edge of the mountain bases to Carson Valley, climb over the Sierras again by the King's Canyon grade, with deep gratitude strike the highway at Placerville and bowl down the cement road home. With the proper stops it is a week's business. Besides accomplishing your purpose your experience is enlarged by three factors—an acquaintance with world's record topography, the manifestations of a season little seen elsewhere in California, and the revelation of mountain country Americanism.

Let me tell you something of them in turn:

The country overwhelms you. It dwarfs your impudent automobile, and robs it of its accustomed highway skimming power. Seventy-two miles to gas and oil, the guide book reads, and a hundred and twenty to the chance of a new tire! You go for hours and a look behind or ahead reveals the same mountains, the same sand, and you could swear the same sage brush tearing the paint from your wheels. The desert all the time is creeping abjectly up to the foot of the mountains and Mt. Whitney and her towering neighbors, jagged, snow-clad, majestic, sit serene, uncaring whether your ignition breaks down or your tires yield to the constant irritating grinding of the sand. It dwarfs your desires too. The tense driving energy of the city oozes out. A broken engagement is no longer a high crime and a night letter to headquarters seems a profanation. Wonderful Mojave desert stretching away into Death Valley and the Alpine grandeur of California's bony ribbed earth heaps claim you utterly. You notice certain incidental matters of interest. There is the Owens River aqueduct snaking its heavy way for a hundred odd miles sometimes up on the lower foothills and sometimes through the sand at your side. Now and again a stream challenges your ability at fording, but leaves only a slight trace of green in the sand. The patrol station keeper at Dove Springs though, with his green lawn and four year's growth of poplar, has shown by his official robbery of the aqueduct what water properly administered can do for that desert. The towns are sudden surprises. Lone Pine, Independence, Big Pine, Bishop, a bloach of green trees as you approach, reveal hotels, garages, stores, homes—prosperity resting on the fat sides of the cattle grazing in the mountain meadows. Fresh meat, lettuce, and tomatoes such as only before have come nigh in vulgar dreams are there in actual life awaiting your eager appetite. You have to see the map to believe that not a single item of this finished civilization has been landed there by a freight car. The railroad all the time is miles away ministering to some unknown hamlets. The country possesses so many unusual aspects to the man who habits the main thoroughfares that it refreshes him.

Then there is the contribution of the season. The powers that control the time of Y. M. C. A. secretaries announced the drive for November. This brought the journey into that great outdoor land at a time when people even here begin to seek shelter. In that mountain and near mountain country the season itself has a rare offering to make. You pass from early fall to high winter in a week. Green leaved poplars, defying the desert at Mojave, turn to the most brilliant splotches of yellow in the mountain oasis towns, and in the high Sierras boast not a single leaf to cover the stark bare limbs. On the littel farm settlements near Big Pine these golden leaves against the blue sky would fairly hurt one sensitive to their unearthly beauty.

Garage keepers because of the season advise you against the trip through Mono to Bridgeport and over the mountains. "It may snow," they say, "and if you get caught 'Goodnight' for five months." But your appointments are inexorable and you "take this advise at least and buy chains." You are grateful for that bit of advise later and for your own good sense in taking it. As you start you add to the thrill of a chance breakdown in a nearly garageless country the exhiliration of a possible race with the storm. Everything and everyone was preparing for the inauguration of

King Winter in a land where he rules with forty feet of snow. Around the turn in Mono Canyon beyond Devil's Gate we drew aside to let a mountain family in three wagons with cows, sheep, goats, children and the wherewithal to maintain them, file creekingly past. All day at intervals it was the same. The winter was forcing a retreat to the plains, and as we advanced we could see the houses they had abandoned, their windows blinded with heavy boards and their roofs supported by immense beams against the crushing pressure of the coming snow. There was an air of hurrying as if every bit of domesticated life was "coming out" of the mountains. Sheep and cattle in immense herds contested with us the already narrow and uncertain roadway. For close to an hour, with unseemly hootings of the horn, and accessions of the exhaust, with butting and scurrying we worked our way through an endless mass of pure bred Durhams. They were in charge of six real cowboys, dressed the part to our appreciative eyes as much as Tom Mix or Douglas Fairbanks.

How skillfully they rode and how they enjoyed our tenderfoot predicament. It was a bit skittish when one big bovine creature resenting our importunate commands shook its lordly head and pawed the dust. We knew that there had not been reckoned into the structure of our machine the ribs to stand a charge from such as that.

Four parties of Washoes on their way to Carson Valley were passed. The women were decked in striking colors and the papooses were wrapped in blankets made to adorn the walls of a wealthy California home. Even the men were swathed in colored robes against the storm which the wind was licking up. Baskets and pine nuts have gone up because of "a heap big war somewhere." A peace pipe, though, a basket and two bottles of their workmanship accompanied us home.

The storm caught us the last day. Luckily we had climbed King's Canyon grade by night and slept in the lodge at the lake while a furious wind tore at the roof. An early morning start brought us to the top of the grade up from Meyer's Station when the flakes white and feathery began to drift in. From my writing desk here I can see the range smothered with white, the result of that storm. We beat the snow out to lower levels before it slithered the road. The rain met us in torrents later, and despite the chains we slipped and slid down the treacherous red clay of the Placerville grade. I believe we were the last party out of the Sierras. The season certainly contributed in full to our experiences.

Then the people who dwell in the land! Here was the greatest revelation of all. The town newsstands in Inyo and Mono Counties sell the morning newspapers from the bay cities with the date line two days back. The whole section is isolated, off the main lines of travel, in a back eddy of life. The houses are of a style popular in the late sixties. You would expect to find the folks there kindly, friendly and hospitable. They are that in superabundant measure, but they are more. They are prosperous. They are making money. The largest tungsten mine in the world is near Bishop, the mountain fed cattle and sheep, each herd of pure strain and of distinguished breed, cover the meadow land. For the purpose of my quest the possession of money was an asset. But goodly bank accounts and even generosity are not the critical factors in a war work drive.

There is needed as prime requisites, organization, publicity, an understanding of the issues, and a national outlook and sympathy. To my surprise I found these people hidden over beyond the range as thoroughly alive to the needs of the United War Work Campaign and as eager and prepared to do their share as were the dwellers in the railroaded and highwayed Fresno valley. There is a minister in Bishop presiding over a church with a social service department who, in the way he walks, talks, dresses and works might have his home on Van Ness avenue. He is not a recent importation, he is indigenous to the country. He is the manager of the campaign and he is a wonderful organizer. A committee in every scattered community aids and abets him. It takes a clerk in the grocery fifteen minutes to wrap up your packages, and the people chat leisurely as they open their once a day mail at the postoffice, but American life is running full tide over there and they are living in the midst of great affairs.

The delegate from the power plant on the edge of Owens Lake sent word that the influenza had put half the employees to bed. "Too busy nursing to come," it read, "send us our quota and we will have it ready for you." The Red Cross woman at Lone Pine could not attend the organization meeting at Bishop because of the epidemic. Her message was, "Don't tell us how to organize. We know. Tell us how much money Lone Pine shall send in and you will have it and more."

Mono County in winter has a thousand inhabitants who brave the snows. The stately courthouse at Bridgeport, built in the forward looking seventies, looks down on seven hundred townspeople. But the youngish Judge who presides there has put through every Liberty Loan and War Work drive, and in his polished chambers is displayed the beautiful State War Savings Stamp banner. Already he had put up the posters in the store, the blacksmith shop, and the courthouse, and with the sheriff stood ready to start out in the mountain byways to bring the quota in. It vitalizes a man who sees these great hearted people and add to the sum of his faith.

Why should we not make friends with happiness?
Life hath its grieving moments, it is true,
And daily cares—but O, its rapture, too!
Why should we gather thorns when flowers press
Their inner radiance, as if they knew
There shone for us behind the steadfast blue
A love that asks no guerdon but to bless?

—Helen S. Saxton.

THE LARGE GRAPE-GROWING COUNTIES IN CALIFORNIA FAVOR PROHIBITION.

By Franklin Hichborn.

The large grape-growing counties of the state have definitely repudiated the claim of the brewery, whiskey and other liquor interests that prohibition will ruin the California grape-growing industry. At the general election all but three of the counties put the stamp of approval upon national prohibition.

Every grape-growing county of the state, with a vineyard acreage in excess of 10,000 with the exception of Sacramento, Napa, and Sonoma, has elected to the legislature men who made their campaign on pro-ratification platforms.

In most of these counties, such as Santa Clara and San Joaquin, the issue in these legislative contest was ratification. The liquor men had anti-ratification candidates in the field and the prohibitionists pro-ratification candidates. Outside of the three counties named, the pro-ratification candidates have been to a man elected.

The three counties that sent anti-ratification members to the legislature contain 61,000 acres of vineyard as against 356,645 for the whole state, and 122,000 acres for Fresno county alone.

Big Grape District Dry.

Fresno County, which contains more than one-third of California's vineyard acreage, elected ths year a state senator, Mr. M. B. Harris, and three assemblymen, Messrs. B. W. McKeen, S. L. Strother and Melvin Pettit. All these candidates ran on pro-ratification platforms.

It is interesting to note in this connection, too, that Fresno county in 196 gave a majority of 2,-441 in favor of state-wide prohibition. This year, although the state-wide prohibition measure on the ballot was far more drastic than the 1916 measure and would have gone into effect six weeks after its adoption, Fresno gave a majority of 4,470 in favor of the measure, the vote being 11,706 for to 7,332 against it.

Incidentally, this, California's greatest grape-growing county, made it perfectly clear that its people are for absolute prohbition and not in favor of permitting the use of light wines and beers. In spite of Fresno's overwhelming vote for absolute prohibition, the so-called Rominger bill, which permitted the use of these light intoxicants, was defeated in Fresno county by a majority of 1,363; the vote standing 8,814 for the Rominger Bill to 10,177 against.

Fresno County thus made complete answer to the whine of the liquor traffic that prohibition would mean the ruin of the California grape-growing industry.

San Joaquin for Prohibition.

San Joaquin County, in point of acreage, is the second grape-growing county of the state. San Joaquin has 46,000 acres planted to grape vines. This entire acreage is one assembly district of San Joaquin county, the Nineteenth. The pro-ratification candidate running in the Nineteenth District was Mr. David W. Miller of Linden. Mr. Miller was elected with a safe majority vote. The candidate for State Senate in San Joaquin was Mr. Frank S. Boggs. Mr. Boggs made his campaign on a pro-ratification platform. He defeated former Assemblyman George W. Ashley, who had been one of the principal wet leaders in the Lower House of the Legislature. Here again the issue was bitterly fought out, Mr. Ashley standing definitely against ratification and Mr. Boggs definitely standing for it.

More Drys Win.

San Bernardino County another great grape-growing section, has 16,000 acres of vineyard. San Bernardino elected to the Assembly Samuel Knight of Redlands and Crombie Allen of Onatrio. The county elected to the Senate Mr. Lyman M. King. All these gentlemen ran on pro-ratification platforms.

Santa Clara county has 15,500 acres of vineyard. In this county the ratification issue was most bitterly fought out.

The candidate elected to the Senate was Mr. Herbert C. Jones.

Mr. Jones' opponent was a prominent orchardist. a man of the highest integrity, Mr. George W. Glendenning. Mr. Glendenning is not a liquor man, but he announced himself opposed to ratification. The campaign was not based on the personalities of the two candidates. Both were successful men of the highest standing. The one issue was that of ratification. Mr. Jones, the pro-ratification candidate, was practically elected at the primaries with a majority approaching 1,000.

Santa Clara County elected two assemblymen, Mr. Grant Bennett and Mr. T. M. Wright. As in the case of the contest for the senate, the question of ratification was the only issue raised. Both candidates ran on pro-ratification platforms. Mr. Bennett defeated Dan Hayes, who for ten years has been one of the pro-liquor leaders in the lower house of the Legislature. Mr. Wright defeated former Assemblyman T. V. Brown, who at the 1917 session of the Legislature took definite stand with the pro-liquor group in the Assembly. Mr. Brown ran on an anti-ratification platform.

Interior Counties for Ratification.

Tulare, Kings and Kern counties constitute the Thirty-second senatorial district, these counties have 28,000 acres of vineyard. They elected to the Senate Mr. J. L. C. Irwin, who ran on a pro-ratification platform.

It is interesting to note that Kern County was the only one of the three that gave a majority against state-wide prohibition. Kern County's majority against state-wide prohibition was 1,237. Of the 28,000 acres of vineyard in the district, Kern County has only 1,000. Tulare County has 14,000 acres and gave a majority in favor of state-wide prohibition of 2,811. Kings County with 13,000 acres, gave a majority of 934 in favor of prohibition. All these counties have elected pro-ratification assemblymen, Kings County electing Mr. Oscar Odale of Lemoore; Tulare electing Mr.

Charles W. Cleary of Lindsay, and Kern electing Mrs. Grace S. Dorris of Bakersfield.

The Wet Counties.

The three large grape-growing counties that elected anti-ratification legislators named one senator, Mr. Herbert Slater of Santa Rosa, and five assemblymen, Messrs. A. F. Stevens of Healdsburg, Robert Madison of Santa Rosa, Bismarck Bruck of St. Helena, and John W. Johnson and Lee Gebhart, both of Sacramento.

Thus the counties of the state which contain more than 10,000 acres of vineyard elected to the legislature this year six senators and fifteen assembly. Five of the state senators were elected on pro-ratification platform and one on an anti-ratification platform. Five of the fifteen assemblymen were elected on anti-ratification platforms and ten on pro-ratification platforms. The one anti-ratification senator and five anti-ratification assemblymen represent counties that contain 61,000 acres of vineyard. The five pro-ratification senators and the ten pro-ratification assemblymen represent counties that contain 226,500 acres of vineyard.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith, one of the secretaries of the American Board, was in California a short time the latter part of November en route home from a trip to Japan in the interests of the work of the Board.

Sunday, December 22, the Rev. Dr. Silcox begins as acting pastor of the First Church, San Francisco. At the December communion service sixteen persons were welcomed into fellowship, among them being Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of the California Supreme Court, Mrs. Wilbur and their four children.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson is expected home from over the seas in February. His year with the Y. M. C. A. ends the first of January. He is at present in Ireland, on assignment work from the Y. M. C. A., visiting there also his aged mother. Mr. Patterson was offered service in Russia, but it was necessary to engage for it for a year, and he did not wish to remain away from home for another year.

At the November communion service in Central Union Church, Honolulu, sixteen persons were welcomed into fellowship. Those by letter came from Lutheran, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches. A Honolulu paper tells of Mr. Palmer's desire to make Central Union Church on Sunday evenings the happiest and most inspiring place in Honolulu, so that the young people especially will make it a regular habit to find their way there at that time.

The vote for Judge Curtis D. Wilbur as Associate Justice of the California Supreme Court is an indication of his worth and the esteem in which he is held throughout the state. He received 401,680 votes, this being 83,855 more than were cast for the other elected candidate. This was 126,030 more votes than were cast for the third of the three candidates whose names were before the people. We congratulate the State of California that it is to have Judge Wilbur a member of its highest tribunal for the next twelve years.

The Myrtle Street Congregational Church, Oakland, has been disbanded and the property turned over to the Northern California Congregational Conference. It will be sold when a fair price can be had for it and the money will be used in church extension work in some other locality. This church was long known as the Market Street Congregational Church; it was organized in 1890. Its Market street location was sold in 1911 and the Myrtle street building was erected in 1912. Changes in that part of Oakland and the proximity of the church to the First Church have brought conditions which led to the action herein recorded.

Monday afternoon, December 9, the Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Pacific Coast Secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society, was stricken with paralysis while sitting in his office, and has been in a practically unconscious condition most of the time since that date. Saturday, December 14, he had improved a little and would respond to questions with "Yes," and "No." His condition was a little more favorable Monday morning, December 16. The attack came on progressively—the first physician who was summoned stating that there was a progressive hemorrhage of the brain. Mr. Wikoff had been with the church at Salida the previous Sunday, was at the meeting of the ministers on Monday, lunched with three friends with whom he desired to talk over a matter of denominational interest which had been on his heart for some time and which he hoped to see brought soon to an accomplishment.

Word received from the Rev. G. A. Charnock in Y. M. C. A. work in France shows that he has great joy in the work which he has been able to do among the men on the battlefront. While abroad Mr. Charnock has had the pleasure of preaching two Sundays in his old home church in England. One of the Sundays when he preached in the old church was the anniversary of the organization of the first Christian Endeavor Society in England—an organization brought about through a letter which he had written from the United States to the church magazine, telling of the Endeavor Society in F. E. Clarke's church in Portland, Maine, of which church Mr. Charnock was at that time a member. The Sunday morning on which he preached in the old home church in England three of his five brothers were present and there was a large audience of old friends. The afternoon of the same Sunday an Interdenominational Brotherhood meeting was held in the Congregational Church at which 600 persons were present, and

Mr. Charnock was the speaker on that occasion. It was all in all a joyous ever-to-be-remembered day. We joy and rejoice with Mr. Charnock in that it has been given to him to serve as he has in France and that this delightful day in the old home town in England has been a part of his experience while over the sea.

Dr. George Sherwood Eddy, enroute to India where he has already labored for fifteen years in the International Y. M. C. A. work, gave several stirring addresses in the bay cities. In one given in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium in San Francisco, he made a powerful plea for that sort of sacrificial living which would not allow the restoration of conditions as they were before the war. The war, he said, had condemned not only the Kaiser's selfishness but everybody's selfishness. The time was past now to ask whether the Kaiser had learned his lesson; it was pretty plain that he had learned it. The great question is have we learned our lesson. Dr. Eddy declared that fundamentally we hadn't fought to overthrow the Hohenzollerns, nor against Pan-Germanism, but against a material interpretation of life and for a spiritual one. It was not a struggle for the survival of the fittest, but a struggle to make men fit to survive. Now we are called to work to make the world everybody's world. And his plea was to men of affairs, to men in the business and industrial world to strive and to see to it that we didn't get back to the old money grubbing ways that were warping and ruining our lives before the war. We will go down as rotten as Rome if we go back to a life of getting and not giving, declared Dr. Eddy, and the call in conclusion was for men to follow the Christ and his red road of sacrifice and so to make a new world.

The fellowship meeting in First Church, Oakland, the evening of Thursday, December 5, was attended by about 300 persons from the churches in the bay cities. Dr. Van Horn presided and addresses were made by Drs. Stauffer, Frederick Vining Fisher, R. C. Brooks and L. D. Rathbone, all centering about the theme for the occasion, "The Pilgrim Idea." Dr. Herrick, an American Board missionary, returning to India, was present and spoke of the onward movement in that land—of the effort to bring the people to think in terms of India as a whole; then of Asia as a whole; and then of humanity as a whole. In other words, to make one world; and that a Christianized world. Mr. Toraji Makino, the Secretary of the Congregational Churches of Japan, who has been in this country for several months and who has reached San Francisco on his return journey, told of the awakening in Japan to the great need for Christianity and of the desire of the Christian forces there to co-operate in the world-wide crusade for democracy and humanity. Mr. Makino was greeted with prolonged hearty applause as he arose to speak after his introduction by Dr. Van Horn—an indication of the attitude in our Congregational churches hereabout toward the Japanese. A graduate of the Yale School of Religion in 1902, he was for fourteen years a pastor in Tokyo, and now for two years he has been occupying the important position of Secretary of the Kumai Churches—the Congregational Churches of Japan, the largest body of churches in that land.

FIRST CHURCH, BERKELEY.

First Church, Berkeley, held its annual meeting last week and listened to reports showing another successful year for this influential church in our university city. There were 71 additions to the membership during the year, making the membership at present 739. The apportionment for benevolences was more than met, and the current expense account showed no deficit. About $17,000 were raised for all purposes.

The church now has property extending from Durant to Channing Way. The Parish House corner, purchased three years ago, is proving invaluable in the work the church has to do. The budget for the coming year includes $1,000 for its proper furnishing.

Berkeley First is happy in its leadership, the devoted work of Dr. R. C. Brooks being finely supplemented by that of Mrs. P. T. Riley, the Pastoral Assistant, and by that of the Rev. John H. Kimball as Service Superintendent. In a word of tribute to these exceedingly valuable co-workers Dr. Brooks, at the annual meeting, spoke also of the great value of Mr. Frank D. Arnold, the Church Treasurer, who discharges the duties of his office in such a way as to make it "worth much to the spiritual life of the church."

People have been wont to think of the deacon's office as spiritual, but not to much extent, if indeed any, of the treasurer's office as such. But a new meaning is being put now into the word spirituality, and new ideals are laying hold of and swaying mankind. "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," wrote the Apostle Paul in his letter to the Church at Corinth. And long before him a prophet in Israel spoke of a day when upon the bells of the horses there would be **"Holiness unto the Lord."**

SAN JOSE.

Since Mr. King left for France, Mr. R. H. Baldwin, Associate Personnel Secretary, Western Department Y. M. C. A., has been filling the pulpit Sunday mornings very acceptably. We are having no evening services, but the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor meets at six o'clock and at seven o'clock the Young People's Wartime League is studying Social Service, with interesting speakers. Rev. Augustine Jones is giving a course of three lectures on "Oriental Religions" at the mid-week meetings in December. His topics are, "The Life of Buddha," "Life of Confucius," "Life of Mohammed."

Reports at the recent annual meeting showed that 39 persons had been received to membership during the year, and the membership is now 371.

During the year $6,219.88 passed through the church treasury. Of this amount $1,351.93 was for benevolences in addition to what individual members of the church gave for Red Cross, Armenian relief, Y. W. C. A., and Y. M. C. A. drives.

At the annual meeting Dr. Susan Tallmon Sargent gave an address on the missionary work in China with which she was connected.

The Lintsing station, where the work is carried on, is a field of 2,500 square miles with a population of more than two million. In 1907 it was said to consist of "a blank wall and a pipe hole." In 1917 there were 16 outstations with 700 church members.

The church voted at the annual meeting to pay to Mr. King and family while he is on his Y. M. C. A. mission work in France the difference between what he receives from the Y. M. C. A. and the salary which he had been receiving as pastor.

PALO ALTO.

In the death of Robert Oscar Easterday the church and community of Palo Alto lose a young man whose life had for several years been counting for much in a variety of ways. While a student at Stanford he became interested in the Student Volunteer Movement through attendance at a Y. M. C. A. conference at Asilomar; and for a time in 1917, the year after his graduation, was in correspondence with the American Board about work in India. A few days after his death a letter came from the Board suggesting that he consider again an appointment for India. He was the only son of Oscar M. and Naomi Knight Easterday. United in marriage on October the 5th with Miss Birdie Coffin of Pasadena, both were stricken with the influenza while on their wedding journey; and soon thereafter the earthly ties were severed at the age of 26—a beautiful fruitful, and still more promising life coming to an end.

STOCKTON.

The ban on influenza being lifted we held one service on the 24th of November, and the following Sunday we were open in all departments. The churches of the city united in a great union Thanksgiving service in the largest theatre building. More than 1200 persons were present Thanksgiving morning to be inspired by a genuine religious service.

The first Sunday in December we received eleven adults into fellowship nine by letter, one by former confession and one on confession of faith.

Our church attendance has greatly increased. The Men's Club is bringing a speaker for one Sunday evening a month. Our October speaker was Gen. J. J. Boree. We had a house full to hear him and that in spite of the fact that nearly every church in town had some special attraction. Monthly sacred concerts and sermons are being given by Prof. Wm. E. Chamberlain of Berkeley and by Mr. Gill the pastor. At the last concert every seat both in gallery and main floor was occupied.

The success of our church work is the result of fine spirit of co-operation on the part of pastor and people.

FROM GUERNEVILLE TO BERKELEY.

Norman W. Pendleton will begin his pastorate at Park Church, South Berkeley on the first Sunday of January. The introductory sermons for the first two Sundays are announced as follows:

Jan. 5th at 11 a. m. "Angels of Hope In Tombs of Despair."

Jan. 5th at 7.30 p. m. "Cowardly Saints and Courageous Sinners" with an outlook on how the church must lose her life to save it.

Jan. 12th at 11 a. m. "The Greatest Question Before the Church. What Is Spirituality?" Is it to be achieved in the mystical silences or through a working partnership with the Cosmic Spirit in building the Kingdom of Good-will?

Jan. 12th at 7.30 p. m. "The Social Significance of Sin." A national and international interpretation of John Masefields' great poem "The Widow in Bye Street."

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The Rev. Mr. Hunt formerly of San Diego has been called to Guerneville.

THE MONDAY MINISTERS' MEETINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO FOR THREE WEEKS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the Rev. Sidney Wilcox will speak on the Y. M. C. A. war work. The following Monday there will be a paper by the Rev. John Brereton; and on the first Monday in January a union meeting will be held in the First Congregational church, at which time there will be several addresses on the work which the Church must face unitedly if it is to measure up to its responbilities. Arrangements will be made for lunch at the church and forenoon and afternoon sessions will be held. Among the topics to be considered is that of the relation of Capital and Labor.

AN EIGHTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

Rev. John Sharp, deacon of the Fruitvale Congregational Church, Oakland, celebrated his 86th birthday, December 3rd.

A few of his many friends partook of a dinner at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Benard. The table was graced with 86 candles, brightly illuminating it. Mr. Sharp was assistant pastor for two years of the oldest Congregational Church in the world, in London, England. When General (Chinese) Gordon went to the Soudan, Africa, Mr. Sharp succeeded him in his missionary work. Mr. Sharp retains much of his physical vigor, his mind is clear and active and he is a delightful companion.

Real happiness always has its root in unselfishness.

LOS ANGELS NOTES.

By James D. Eaton.

The name of Rev. A. S. Yeretzian, pastor of our Armenian Gethsemane Church, appears in company with that of the pastor of the Armenian Catholic Church and that of the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, as signers of a message sent to President Wilson before his departure from this country, begging him to use his "great power in the coming peace conference to secure justice to martyred Armenia, restoring her independence from Turkish rule, and establishing an Armenian self-government under the protection and administration of the United States of America." A telegram to the President which was sent on the same day, reads: "The Church Federation of Los Angeles, California, very earnestly begs of you to use the immense influence of your position as President of the United States to do all in your power at the coming peace conference to effect the political freedom of suffering Armenia."

The Vernon Avenue Church is trying out an experiment for six months, with the aim of making the midweek meeting more interesting and helpful to a larger number. The general topic for each evening is the international Sunday School lesson; but a most unusual variety is secured by means of the plan for the conduct of the meetings. Each week there is a different leader; and on the list appear the names of ministers, laymen, lay women, a Chinese pastor, a Japanese pastor and an Armenian, the Christian Endeavor leader Paul C. Brown, the Sunday school worker H. P. Case, and a former missionary of the American Board, besides the pastor of the church, Rev. William Davies. Each meeting is served by a different invitation committee; and a new voice is heard in the reading of the text of the lesson. Each time there is a new organist; and there are special musical features. The large folder which has been printed to cover the entire period, bears the heading "The Church Fireside"; and beneath is a chime of bells, suggestive not only of a tuneful invitation to come, but also of the variety of voices to be heard at the family gathering. And there are quotations given to remind the reader of what may be accomplished through spiritual communion and united intercession, and of what he may miss if he does not meet with the others: "Prayer changes things," "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," "But Thomas was not with them when Jesus came."

On the 3rd of December there was introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington, by H. Z. Osborne, a bill which was drawn by the Sons of the American Revolution in Los Angeles, to prohibit the display of the red flag or other badges of anarchy, by organizations antagonistic to the instituted government of the United States, or to that of any of its States, Territories or possessions. The bill is too long for quotation here, since it covers a wide field, and makes very clear what would constitute a violation of its provisions. Punishment for each violation is to be visited upon the officers, committees and all responsible heads and members of the indicated organizations, groups or other combinations of elements, for each offense; and the penalty is imprisonment for from five to twenty-five years, in addition to a fine of from $1000 to $10,000. In this manner the Sons are seking to put into practice their pledge of fealty to the national government, which was signed by the members some months ago 'in this most crucial hour of the nation's history"; and which was considered to be "a new oath of allegiance, reaffirming the pledge given upon initiation"; and doing this, as the committee stated, "in the name of our society; of our illustrious dead; of the great nation wich we revere; of liberty, justice, equality and militant democracy."

At the ministers' meeting, Monday, December 9, there was an unusually large gathering of the members, after an enforced absence of eight weeks. The speaker, Rev. Selwyn J. Evans, gave a written address on "Advanced Democracy and Religion," which was a review of social and labor conditions in Australia, and sketched the attitude of working men toward the church. It was packed full of interesting facts and food for serious thought.

LONG BEACH.

After the suspension of all services by the Long Beach church for seven Sundays, it was delightful to resume them on November 24th. The twilight communion service, postponed from November, was held on Dec. 1st, and was memorable by the earnest remarks of the pastor, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth as he dwelt upon the significant changes which are being made in world affairs, the new spirit of brotherhood between nations and the enlarging responsibilities of the church.

Twenty-three individuals were received into membership on this occasion, all coming by letter or on renewal of covenant, making the total membership 773, of whom 206 have united in the last twelve months.

The Washington Gladden Club expects to celebrate Forefaithers ' Day on Friday, Dec. 20th, and has invited the Congregational Club of Southern California to meet with them at that time. Rev. Dr. D. F. Fox of Pasadena will be the chief speaker. His topic will be "Pilgrim Standards in 1620 and 1920.

An Every Member Canvass, conducted by 60 workers on Dec. 2nd, was not only highly successful in a financial sense, but was also significantly responsive of loyalty and whole-hearted interest by all who were visited.

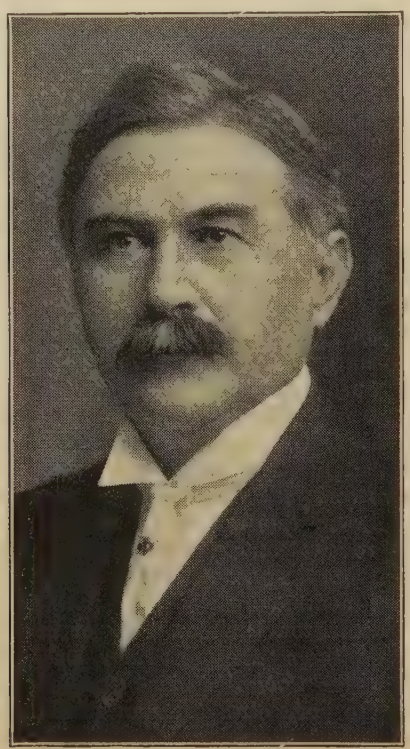
REDONDO BEACH.

The Redondo Beach Congregational Church is taking on new life under the leadership of Rev. Owen Umstead their new pastor, who has been there less than six months; during that time eighteen have been received into the church, nine by letter and nine by confession of faith. The Sunday School is growing and the midweek service is large and increasing in interest, all services are largely attended.

RICHMOND CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The Richmond Congregational Church, San Francisco, has taken on new life under the leadership of the new pastor, the Rev. C. N. Thomas. The Sunday School has made remarkable growth not only in pupils but in its teaching force. The organizations of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts are developing marked strength.

The attendance at the church service has been growing constantly under the new pastor's strong pulpit work. The stirring sermons carefully worked out, and delivered with unusual force and power, seem to grip his hearers, and all in all the influence of the church is beginning to be felt in the whole neighborhood. Sunday December 8 was a Red Letter Day in the life of the church, twelve new members uniting, most of them on confession, all adults but one. At the evening service a good



C. N. Thomas.

sized audience attended the forum meeting. Mrs. Emerick who has been working under the Y. W. C. A. at the front in France, and Lieutenant Anderson, who was wounded in the battle at Chateau Thierry, told of various experience at the front.

Among the persons who will speak at the Sunday Evening Forum during the next few months are: Chancellor David Starr Jordan of Stanford University; President Reinhardt of Mills College; Miss Estelle Carpenter, director of music in San Francisco public schools—leading in community singing of religious and patriotic songs; Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of the Supreme Court; Herr Wagner, Editor of the Western Educational Journal, giving his patriotic address, "Uncle Sam, Jr."

LA MESA.

Rev. M. A. Frost of La Mesa has been unexpectedly called to New York to go to Europe and take up Y. M. C. A. religious work and athletic work among the boys who will be retained for service there. He has been doing first class good work for nearly a year in Camp Kearny.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

On November 9th, Mrs. Abigail Karr of North Yakima, passed away at the age of 78. She was the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Elkanah Walker, and was born at Tshimakain Mission, (Walker's prairie) 25 miles west of Spokane. She was seven years of age at the time of the Whitman massacre, when it became necessary to leave the mission when they went to Oregon. She was married to James A. Karr, in 1863 and on their wedding tour they retraced the pathway of the Oregon trail on which their parents had come on their wedding trip in 1838. In the following year they settled on the Karr homestead, which is now the north half of the town of Hoquiam, Wash., where they lived until 1904 when they moved to Yakima. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1913, a year before the death of Mr. Karr. Mrs. Karr was a descendant of a revolutionary minute man, and spent much time during the last year in knitting articles for the soldiers. She was the mother of twelve children of whom nine survive. Dr. J. E. Walker, a missionary in China, is her brother and there are two other brothers in Oregon.

Dr. L. O. Baird writes regarding the late Rev. T. W. Walters as follows: "He was certainly a great friend to us boys (Washington Yale Band) when we struck the state years ago. Genial, sympathetic, willing to accept our enthusiasm whether he could endorse our judgment or not, he smoothed the way in every field."

Rev. C. H. Burdick, Ph.D., has resigned as pastor of Pilgrim Church, Spokane, and will leave to take charge of the Everett Church the first of the year Dr. Burdick has proved himself a true, faithful and efficient minister of the gospel, as well as an able and constructive preacher, during his pastorates at Deer Park, and Pilgrim church. The membership at Pilgrim has been greatly augmented, the debt substantially reduced, and the church solidified during his ministr yof three years, and he leaves the church in a better condition than it has been for some years. The committee is already seeking a worthy successor. We regret to lose our good brother from the east side because of his ability and urbanity, breadth of sympathy and willingness to co-operate in every good work.

Mrs. Burdick has filled her place admirably and her departure is profoundly regretted. They go with the best wishes of all who know them, and we congratulate the Everett Church on their good fortune.

Rev. W. S. Pritchard, in addition to supplying the Hillyard Church, is doing field work for the Armenian and Syrian Relief.

Dr. T. H. Harper of Westminster Church has been kept busy since his return from France talking in churches, chambers of commerce and Red Cross gatherings. On the first Sunday morning and evening in his own church there were overflowing congregations. He will resume his pastorate the first of the year. In his absence, both in and out of the church, his brother Rev. Joel Harper, has done satisfactory work, and has found a place in many hearts.

Rev. H. A. Luckenback and wife and four children are at this time sick of the influenza, but in a hopeful condition.

Rev. J. Morgan Lewis's wife and family have received a warm welcome by the church and people of Almira and they are nicely settled in their spacious parsonage. The daughter and son are at Whitman College, the latter attending the S. W. T. C. and is expecting to enter West Point naval academy.

The work of Rev. J. M. Pendleton of Newport, during the influenza epidemic, is worthy of special note and commendation. The epidemic struck the town hard, a large number of the people taken down with it. Mr. Pendleton was instrumental in having sixty persons to help in the emergency, calling into service thirty-one for nursing, fifteen automobiles, others to provide food and clothing even to the extent of making burial shrouds for some who were too poor to purchase them. He has assisted in caring for fifty-three who were suffering from the epidemic, placing five children, (who had been orphans) in homes where they could be cared for; also the opening and maintaining of a small hospital which has been in continuous use for three weeks, and where every facility for aiding the sick was provided. The doctors have given the hospital credit for saving at least three lives, and possibly six.

Brother Pendleton testifies that no single line of activity in which he has participated during his pastorate at Newport has drawn the attention of the community to the church as this work has. The result is, that after four weeks vacation the work started out not weaker but stronger in the community than it was when they were forced to close the doors of the church. He says: "I am increasingly confident that the cause of Jesus Christ, must be presented through some of the avenues of social service that nearly every community affords if we are to bring convincing proof to the non-church people of the power of love as revealed through Christianity." Amen.

At the last meeting of the Alliance Dr. Harper gave us a graphic description of his experience in France at the battlefront. A series of interesting and illuminating articles of his have been published in the evening paper.

My Prayer.

I would O Lord, from day to day,
Know Thine own will, walk in Thy way,
And live in touch and sympathy
With Christ my Savior, and with Thee.
Within me a new heart create,
Unholiness eradicate,
Give me a faith that will avail,
And hope an anchor ne'er to fail.
May Thy sweet peace within me reign,
More precious 'tis than worldly gain;
Whate'er may come, howe'er it be,
O, keep my soul complacently.
May all my words be true and kind,
And no mean thoughts within my mind;
Make me to seek the things above,
And my whole soul imbue with love.

—J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wash.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

THE DECEMBER MEETING OF THE BOARD.

The directors' meeting of December, 1918, was one of those distinctive meetings which remain clearcut in the memory after many other impressions have been effaced. There were special reasons why these impressions were deeply engraved.

One was the fact that it was the first meeting held for two months, the influenza epidemic having prevented the regular November meeting. The presence of a large and interesting group of missionaries was a second contributing factor, and a third was the impressive message given us by Mrs. Sherwood Eddy as she led the devotional half-hour.

Mrs. Eddy's theme was the healing of the lame man by the Apostle Peter as recounted in the third chapter of Acts. A vivid picture was presented of the wretchedness and abhorrent condition of Eastern beggars which Mrs. Eddy herself had seen in the almost unhuman appearing beings which line the roads leading to the temples in India on festival days. Begging for alms to sustain their life of helpless misery, when it would seem that death would be the greatest boon. And such a one was the lame man who, begging daily at the temple, accosted Peter by the gate. Through the hopeful years of youth to the weary years of middle-age, ever he had raised his empty hand for the chance gift. One more disappointment was added to his heavy store when the words of Peter fell on his ears. "Silver and gold have I none." That was what he was asking for, that was what he wanted. "But," continued Peter, "that which I have give I thee." And what a gift was in his power to bestow! This humble Galilean peasant gave what princes and kings could not confer. Through the power of prayer, the greatest and least used power in the world, through prayer which becomes in life either a force or a farce, the man lame for forty years was made whole.

How was it possible that men of low degree could possess such mighty power? Because they had kept company with Jesus Christ; had lived,

talked and worked with him; had caught his prayer habit. Because they had come to him and said, "Lord, teach us to pray." It was their one petition.

Mrs. Eddy then presented some of the world conditions that exist today. Millions of people naked, hungry, homeless wanderers are stretching out suppliant hands and lifting pleading eyes. And it is to America that their gaze is directed. Not alone those who have suffered from the Great War, but China also, with her mighty problems and trials, expects and believes such wonderful things of America! The world is asking of America bread for bodies and the bread of life. How are we going to meet this cry of the needy? With material relief only? Are we going to miss this wonderful opportunity God has put into our hands? Are we going to give relief to the body and overlook the peace of the soul?

"All power is given unto me," said Christ, and that power he transmits to those who ask aright. These mighty needs of today can be met only by fresh life and fresh power in the hearts of individual Christians. The attitude of each should be complete surrender to the purposes of God. The question each should ask is, "What can God do through me?" Not "What can I do?" And God will disclose within each heart, wells of living water.

Mrs Eddy's earnest and heart-stirring appeal for a devoted service of heart and life was followed by prayer from Dr. Tallmon-Sargent.

Reports of the secretaries were naturally fuller than usual, and interest was keener from the zest which comes with the taking up again of interrupted interests. Delightful letters were read from Miss Waterhouse and Miss Clapp of the Doshisha, Japan. The washington Branch reported an increase to the W. B. M. P. by the state apportionment committee. Their work is going forward with renewed enthusiasm under the new and able leadership of Mrs. Lucius O. Baird.

A telegram of greetings was voted to be sent to the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior who were entering that day upon their Jubilee meetings. Expressions of sympathy were sent to Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Krick, who were unable to be present on account of recent illness. Miss Benton reported the normal classes for mission study which are to be held Tuesday evenings in December to prepare for the course of mission study to be presented to the churches the early part of next year. These normal classes have been planned by the Federation of Churches of San Francisco and are held at the Deaconess' Training Home. Anyone is welcome to join. Smaller classes are to be formed later in the other cities about the bay.

After the morning session came one of those delighting gatherings planned by the hospitality committee. Would that more could participate in the great pleasure they afford. About the lunch tables at the Hotel Ramona we became acquainted with a delightful group of outbound missionaries. This welcoming of missionaries as they come and go through San Francisco is becoming more and more a feature of the interest felt by the American and W. B. M. P. boards. Anyone who would like to attend such a gathering would be welcome, and duly notified by Miss Benton, our office secretary, if his or her name were left at the office or given to any member of the board.

The guests of honor were Rev. and Mrs. Robert W. Beers and daughter, on their way to Peking, China, where Mr. Beers is to become the pastor of the Union Church, and Miss Beers is to teach in the school for missionary children; Dr. David S. Herrick returning to India; Miss Ruth Yeoman who, upon her arrival in China, is to become Mrs St. Clare and assist in work at Foochow; Miss Vera Holmes sent out by Carleton College, Minnesota to Shansi; Miss Mabel Daniels returning to Canton; Dr. Clara Sargent sent by the Y. W. C. A. to tour in China, spending three months in a community to instruct, with the help of accompanying dietitian and nurse in health and hygiene; Dr. Vinton and Mrs. Vinton of the Baptist Church, who have charge of the lantern slide department of the missionary work and have miles of films of foreign scenes; and Prof. William J. Hutchins of the Oberlin Graduate School, who is a member of the Eddy party en route to India. Happy responses were made by all when introduced by Rev. George Hinman who acted as host for the occasion.

The afternoon was delightfully ended by the attendance of all to hear Sherwood Eddy's address at the St. Francis.

THE LOVE-TRUTH KINDERGARTEN IN JAPAN.

Tottori, Japan, November 3, 1918.

To the friends who support the Love-Truth Kindergarten in Japan:

I felt that I must write a letter to you, and try to tell you a little of what your faithful kindness to Tottori has accomplished during this year.

While we were away, at home on furlough, Miss Coe was in charge of the work in Tottori and took my place as principal of the Kindergarten. She started and carried out many helpful plans, but the best was the new building campaign. You known our Kindergarten has been using a made over Japanese house. The roof has been leaking badly, so last January at a parents' meeting she asked if they could not do something to repair that roof, for we had no money to do it. The next day she was called to the home of one of the children whose parents had been at that meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Yokota, and was astonished with the proposal to raise money enough to build an entirely new building for the Kindergarten costing Y6000 ($3000) all of which was to be raised here. It seemed an impossible task but God often calls us to the seemingly impossible, and then crowns our efforts with blessing, if we trust and follow him. A committee was formed of prominent citizens of the town, most of them non-Christian and who had had

nothing to do with the Kindergarten, especially, beyond some of them having sent their children there. An executive committe was chosen from these, and they set to work together with the mothers of the children and our ever faithful Christian Woman's Society, to raise the money. They worked very hard, harder than even I can realize, and over Y 3000 has been subscribed and almost all paid in. Something happened to hinder the success or they would have done better. When we arrived here Septmber 13, we found they had made some changes in the present building, and were beginning to work on the large beautiful new play-room which will be a separate building but connected by a covered bridge, for many of the schools with separate buildings are built and connected in that way here. They had not enough money to build a whole new Kindergarten building.

The Kindergarten was to open September 16, and new matting, blackboards and fresh plaster, beside the changed class rooms were to surprise the children. On the 14th we had an awful rain, the whole town was flooded and the muddy water was over six feet deep over the floors in the kindergarten. All the Kindergarten materials were wet, the organ fell into the water from the tables on which they had placed it when the water got deep enough to float the tables. Of course the matting and plaster were covered with mud. The water was almost up to the second stories in all the children's homes, and many of them had all their bedding and clothing saturated with that muddy water, for they live almost entirely on the first floor. Many had no second floor, except a tiny closet, and they huddled together in that. Some people were drowned in their own homes, for they could not get out to get into one of the life boats which went sailing thru the town to rescue the people that awful night. The water was all the next day subsiding and many were without food or drinking water.

It was over two feet in our house. We saved what little food we had in our house and drew our bath tubs full of clean water, fearing the waterworks would burst, which they did killing a number of people. We were very glad of some of the food that was in the generous Christmas box some of you sent to us some time ago, and which arrived last spring. We had just returned so had very little in the house. A few of our books were wet, and some, but not all, of the dolls and cards you sent which we were saving for Christmas. We dried them in the sun and wiped them off and are going to redress some of the dolls for the children's Christmas and let the children cut out the good parts from the cards and pictures to make into scrap books for the refuge work the Red Cross is doing in Siberia among the Czechs. We can use almost anything in some way or other. The best things in the box were not wet at all.

Of course it has been an awful job to clean up after such a flood. Many people are still washing their mud soaked clothing and preparing it for winter use. Many have no floor covering for their living rooms and are still trying to exist in ther second stores. It took weeks to cart the mud out of the city which was in the streets and under and in the houses (they have no cellars, the houses being built a few feet above the ground.) We opened the Kindergarten of the pretty clean rooms they found bare floors and stained white plaster, paper material which had all been soaked in muddy water and then carefully washed, piece by piece and dried by the teachers. They found the wall about the yard fallen down and the janitor's house in bad need of repairs from injury caused by the flood. But we are all happy because all the children are safe. The new building, not having been begun wasn't hurt and they are working on it now.

When the committee went about the city to get subscriptions for the new building last spring, they told the people that in America there were some people who wouldn't let their names be known, but who thought enough about the children in Tottori to send money to run the Kindergarten. This touched the people here so much that it made them put their hands in their pockets and give so generously, and it is a wonderful response, to the Kindergarten. Don't you see what a splendid piece of international good will you have been doing so quietly all these years, binding the hearts of the people here in this out-of-the-way city in Japan, with gratitude to our dear country? and leading out to endorse this Christian institution in this way. Most of the money came from non-Christians. It has warmed our hearts to see the sympathy for Christianity here, which we didn't know existed, which you have called forth. Won't you pray that we may sow the seed on this prepared soil and bring forth a good harvest to God's glory and your eternal rejoicing! O, there is nothing like the significance of the work of foreign missions!

Next spring we are going to have a formal opening of the new building and publically thank the people for giving it to us. We should like to complete this bond of gratitude, by having some message from you to read at that time and I am going to ask the members of the W. B. M. P. to send me a suitable message, which we may read expressing your joy and appreciation which I know you feel, and your satisfaction that thru this joint work for the children the hearts of the people in America and Japan are more united to strive to help one another. It will be greatly appreciated here, and published in the newspaper, thus the hearts of the whole country side will be affected by this bit of legitimate Christian propaganda. Our good friends of the committee will probably find money to build a new wall, but we must get money to do the other necessary repairs which are still undone.

When we returned we found, among other changes, that the rise in prices has affected Japan as well as America, food costing at least double what it did before, and clothing, rents, etc., have also gone up. Our faithful head teacher, Miss Omiya, who has been with us six years has never had a raise in her salary, and even after years of experience is getting less than a novice may receive now.

We found that the janitor was really not receiving enough to live on. Kindergarten materials have also advanced tremendously in price. Exchange is to our disadvantage, so we ought to raise the salaries after January. I have refused their request to do it before then, all but the janitor and I couldn't bear to see her looking so thin from lack of food. I tell you these things in detail for I know how interested you are in this Kindergarten and it will help you to realize the same conditions in China and elsewhere, where you are interested, and I hope it will help you to respond generously—as generously as you respond to the calls for war work—when asked for increased subscriptions. Remember, by giving to just such work as this Love-Truth Kindergarten in Tottori you are binding the hearts of the people of Japan to America in such a way that if we give enough in money and life service, will make another war impossible. One American naval officer said, "One missionary is worth more than one of my regiments," and that Foreign Missions is the only active agency now working to make another war impossible.

This is a very long letter, but I want to add, if I may, that we are very glad to be back again and that sometime I hope we may have another lovely Christmas box which I promise you, will not be met even in part, by another flood.

Yours in His Victorious Service,
(MRS. HENRY J.) ANNA WOODRUFF BENNETT.

BUDDHIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN JAPAN.

The Buddhists of Japan have been greatly aroused by the success of the Christian Sunday schools, which have been stimulated to activity through the plans for the next World's Sunday School Convention in that country. In the last two years there has been an increase of 898 Christian Sunday schools in Japan, with an added enrollment of 41,753 students, says the Christian Herald.

To offset this Christian advance, the Buddhists, at the time of the coronation of the emperor, dedicated a sum of money, said to be a million yen, for the organization of Sunday schools. The abbot of the West Hongwanji temple issued an order for this Buddhist Sunday school movement, having for its objective the organization of one new Sunday school every day. Before the coronation there were only seventy Buddhist Sunday schools. By December, 1915, there were 680, with 111,000 children, an increase of 610 Sunday schools in two months. By April, 1916, the number had reached 800, with 120,000 children. The hope was to reach 1200 schools and a registration of 228,000 by April, 1917.

The Buddhist sect which has been most known for its imitation of the Christian Sunday school and other Christian methods is the Nishi Hongwanji. This sect has a Sunday school board which acts for all Japan. They have copied almost exactly the literature and methods of the Christian Sunday school. Their board gives a banner to the best Buddhist Sunday school, and confers medals for special merit. To the child with the best record in each Buddhist Sunday school is given the much-coveted privilege of seeing the far-famed buildings and treasures of the West Hongwanji temples. This is a red-letter day in the life of the Japanese child. They have also issued some books treating of the Sunday school, and quoting for the purpose of arousing Buddhists to the importance of the religious training of children, from various Christian authors. One of these books gives the plan of organization of a Buddhist Sunday school, suggesting the duties of superintendent, officers, teachers, music drawing, and visiting committees, secretary and treasurer. They suggest cradle roll, beginner's departments, and a nurse's class; also mothers' meetings and days for children corresponding to our Christmas children's day, Thanksgiving and rally day.

But it is in music that the imitation has reached a climax. They have adopted our Christmas hymns wholesale, simply by substituting the name of Buddha for that of Jesus. Wesley's great hymn, "Oh for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," is copied almost word for word. "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," the song best known in the Orient, is published as a part of the Buddhist song book. "Bringing in the Sheaves" and "God Is Love," modified slightly for their purposes, are also appropriated.

THE MEANING OF THE SUFFIX "MARU."

Japanese and Chinese scholars never weary of discussing the origin of the suffix "Maru" which is attached to the name of every Japanese vessel, says the New York Post. Aru Nyhoujin, of Hankow, says that the word was first used in this way in the case of the "Nippon Maru," flagship of the transports during the Korean Expedition of Taicoon Hideyoshi in the sixteenth century. Japan had then been engaged in feudal warfare for two hundred years, and the leader, after his unification of the empire, sought an outlet for the fighting spirit of his adventurers in this foreign expedition. A flag to represent the united army of Daimyos, corresponding to our modern national ensign, was needed; and for the first time in the history of Japan a white flag with a round spot of red in its center to portray the rising sun (literal meaning of Nippon) was hoisted over the squadron's flagship which was named by the Taicoon himself "Nippon Maru," the suffix "perhaps representing the flag." The use of the word from that time became a maritime custom.

Makao San, of Hankow, believes that the word was derived from "mairu" which means "going and returning" to a temple, and so signifies "round."

An American thinks it means "precious."

Anyway, the maritime code of Japan especially provides that the name of a vessel shall bear the suffix "maru," and its meaning, as applied to merchant craft today may be considered to be "ship."

HELPS BY THE WAY.

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills."

Never do great thoughts come to a man when he is discontented or fretful. There must be quiet in the temple of his soul before the windows of it will open for him to see out of them into the infinite. Quiet is what the heavenly powers move in. It is in silence that the stars move on, and in quiet our souls are visited from on high.—William Mountford.

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"Over the ground is a mat of green,
Over the grass is dew;
Over the dew are the arching trees,
Over the trees the blue.
Dotting the blue are the scudding clouds,
Over the clouds the sun;
Over the sun is the love of God,
Brooding us, every one."

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Settle it in your heart that it is the sum of all your business and blessedness to live to God.—John Wesley.

✣ ❋ ✣

Let it fill you with cheerfulness and exalted feeling that God is girding you for work that is worthy of his divine magnificence. There ought never to be a discouraged or uncheerful being in the world.—Horace Bushnell.

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"I know that thou canst not deny Me:
I know that each pain is a door by which I approach one degree nearer to thee.
What sorrow is there but I have shared it?
What grief but it has removed an obstacle between Me and someone else?
Look in my face and see. You cannot bar Me now. I pass all doors, and am where I would be."

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"A great musician once translated the blows the blacksmith's hammer into music. We want inspired prophets to translate all the work of the world into the music of the spheres, and show the relation of the humblest service to the highest law."

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There is an idea abroad among most people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good—myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may. —Stevenson.

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Let us see that whenever we have failed to be loving we have also failed to be wise; that whenever we have been blind to our neighbors' interests we have also been blind to our own; whenever we have hurt others we have hurt ourselves much more.—Charles Kingsley.

"O gracious Mother, in thy vast eternal sunlight
Heal us, thy foolish children, from our sins;
Who heed thee not, but careless of thy Presence
Turn our bent backs on thee, and scratch and scrabble
In ash-heaps for salvation."

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The secret of goodness and greatness is in choosing whom you will approach and live with, in memory or imagination, through the crowding obvious people who seem to live with you.—Robert Browning.

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It is not mine to worry about the coming day, but to fill the immediate moment with radiant duty. My Lord is the Pioneer, the great Maker of roads, and he will see to the appointments and provisions of the way. He has his scouts, his advance guard. "I will send mine angel before thee."—Jowett.

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"It is the eternal business of each individual soul to cultivate, out of the self which God has entrusted to his care, a strong, sweet spirit which shall grow in grace and beauty, perfuming the waysides of humanity's life-adventure with ever-recurring blossoms of perfect doing, each one at the same time a fruition and a promise, an example and an encouragement to the striving of others."

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"Oh Master, I would be like thee;
Thy purpose and thy wisdom show."
Cross out the self—and **follow** me—
No other way the Christ thou'lt know."

"Oh Master, I would serve the world,
And give of Love to all, like thee."
Thou must become, then, **Love itself**—
The gift as well as giver be!"

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The self-absorbed man is only half alive. He who is always thinking of himself, his good qualities and merits, his rights and his wrongs, his successes and failures—who is seeking for praise, who thinks of his reputation, who watches his own shadow, is really losing the bread of life. Whatever takes us out of ourselves in a genuine interest in God's great world around us is a source of new and generous life.—James Freeman Clarke.

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"True living brings peace to the soul, fibre to character, kingship over self, inspiration to others; but not necessarily money and property. . . . True living consists of living at our best without thought of reward—doing the highest right as we see it, and facing results calmly, courageously and unquestioningly. It means living to give, not to get, thinking more of what we can radiate than what we can absorb, more of what we are than of what we have."

. . . . . "God, send light
Upon our spirits—make us brave and wise.
Give us throughout thy hard-pressed world to know
The Enemy, whatever his disguise—
And knowing thus, to fight."

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In the broadest sense, Christ's love was unselfish. Self never thrust itself into any thought or feeling of his. It is selfishness that so often mars men's treatment of each other. "How will this affect me?" is the question that arises first in deciding what to do. This question never rose at all in Christ's dealing with others. He never thought of what others deserved, of the way they had treated him, and then did to them as they had done to him. The law of love is not "Do to others what they have done to you. . . . Few of us go through life without being unjustly treated many times. . . . We must keep our love sweet, patient, forgiving, through all enduring of injury and wrong if we would obey the Master's word and follow his example.—From the "Art of Living Together," by J. R. Miller.

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When I am overmatched with petty cares,
And things of earth loom large and look to be
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
To step into the night and feel the airs
Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,
Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
Where swim the stately planets! such as these
Make mortal fret seem slight and temporal.

I muse on what of life may stir among
Those spaces knowing not of metes nor bars—
Undreamed of dramas played in outmost stars,
And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.
I grow familiar with the solar runes
And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth—
Ringed Saturn, Mars, whose fashion apes the earth,
And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons.

Then dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
Rebuked by vast on vast, my puny heart
Is greatened by its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love.

—Richard Burton.

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Father, we thank thee for this day of life and opportunity. Help to keep a song in our hearts through all its hours that may bring joy and inspiration to others. Lead us to some one whom we may cheer and help. May we realize how very near thou art when within whisper-reach of our souls. Strengthen us for every task by thy indwelling spirit and thy overshadowing presence so that we may feel thine everlasting arms are underneath us and that thy mighty hand is over our heads. Make us wise in judgment, calm in spirit, gentle in our attitude toward others. "Let thy greatness flow 'round our incompleteness; 'round our restlessness, thy rest." Amen.

I said, "The darkness shall content my soul,"
God said, "Let there be light."
I said, "The night shall see me reach my goal."
Instead came dawning bright.

I faced my head to meet the smiter's stroke;
There came sweet dropping oil,
I waited, trembling, but the voice that spoke
Said gently, "Cease thy toil."

I looked for evil, stern of face and pale;
Came good, too fair to tell.
I leant on God when other joys did fail;
He gave me these as well.

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Memory is a mental force we cannot kill; but we can direct, we can give it new subjects to act upon, new right engines of purpose to move, new channels into which to run. There are sometimes petty fractures of our pride, irritating incidents that hurt—perhaps because we are nervous. They loom large before us. For the time each seems as big as a real sorrow or loss. If we cannot master it, it may be as well to surrender to it just for a little—to think it out, to talk it out, to get it out as much as possible from the emotional system. **Then,** we should cease to think and to talk; we should learn to forget, avoiding situations and conditions that reveive the pain, seeking right work and association that lead from it. . . . If we learn to forget wisely and unselfishly in the trifles of our daily living with others, we shall silently accumulate higher pressure reserve-power for our own later needs. Let us forget thorns of daily living in remembering roses of its possibility; forget things that pain in remembering unnoted reasons for thankfulness; forget the weakness of those around us in seeking to discover wherein they are strong. Let us forget the disappointments in the courage of new determination; forget the little wrong we have suffered from our friend, in living again in the memory of his many kindnesses; forget the things that depress in concentrating on those that exalt. Fine forgetting is an attempt at—finer justice. It means aggressive living—on the uplands of truth and light.—From an article on "Forgetting as a Fine Art," by William George Jordan.

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"Soul that is self-bound, turn from the darkness;
Sick is the lone life, the whole shall befriend thee.
Live toward the vastness. Be glad. Trust and cringe not.
Fainting or failing, all effort is God-ward;
Under and over thee strives the Eternal.

* * * * *

"Back to the life form! Unify! Unify!
Wed thy soul to the Purpose Universal;
Deeply feel toward the well-spring of harmony,
Upward live, and be glad. Trust and cringe not."

✣ ❋ ✣

Happiness is one of the incidental by-products of an unselfish life.

THE HOME.

At Christmas tide, oh, be thou tender, true;
Thy friends make glad, and all thy foes forgive;
With its sweet light begin to live anew,
Ungrudging give, and giving, much receive.

Be saviors, Oh my brothers, every one!
Let the true Christ in your own soul be born;
Thus thou canst be God's well-beloved son,
And make each dawn a joyous Christmas morn.

—A. Judson Rich.

THE RED VELOUR HAT.

By Madeline Twinning Sharp.

It was a gloomy December afternoon when Gwendolin Hennessy first saw it; a day when a bit of bright crimson such as the velour hat could be seen two blocks away.

It fascinated Miss Hennessy, aged 11, standing in a faded green sweater behind her unsteady father's paper and magazine stand under the noisy elevated.

Wide eyed she stared at the bobbing scarlet spot on the crowded avenue, stared until its owner, a slim girl in black, was so close that Gwendolin saw the saucy cockade of satin ribbon and the rakish tilt the hat had to one side.

Rich and warm and red as a robin's breast it was that wonderful hat, and it looked as soft. When it was gone peace went with it, for never in all her busy aged young life had Gwendolin Hennessy been touched with desire or envy before; she was usually so busy pitying others that she forgot to pity herself.

But now—of a sudden she realized that it was Christmastime, that there was nobody in all the world who would give her anything save a few of the kindly customers who paused at her stand each day, and if there had been, she didn't want a thing they'd give her save a red velour hat!

Gwendolin knew it was velour, whatever that was; for she had seen them marked in windows where nothing but hats were sold, but now in the midst of her craving she tried to tell herself she would be a sight in it if she had it, and that red velour would not sit well on a sandy plait.

But that didn't appear to help, somehow. The rest of the day was miserable, and that night she dreamed she was driving down the avenue in a huge red velour hat drawn by two slim girls in black who wore little red hats just like hers.

Figuratively, Gwendolin had hats on the brain, figuratively, but not literally. All she possessed in that line was a faded gray felt which had been in the Hennessy family somewhere long before Gwendolin became a member of it. Hats up to this had not interested her, as she seldom wore any, and the sad state of the gray heirloom troubled her not at all. But now of a sudden she was hat mad.

"Aw—phwhat's ailin' me?" she wanted to know the next morning disgustedly. "Shure, if it's goin' to worrit me like this I'll go and ask Pop to let me have wan, seein' it's Christmas."

As Gwendolin, however, took almost complete charge of the stand, Old Man Hennessy had not, and rightly had not, anything to say in the matter, Gwendolin extracting $2 from the cash drawer that morning and going forth to shop—the faded gray heirloom for once on her scraggly young head.

It was just three days before Christmas and the streets were holiday mad; Santa Claus, bewildering repetitions of him, stood at every corner and jangled a little bell; Salvation Army lassies called annual attention to the boxes at their sides, out of which were to issue many Christmas dinners for those in Gwendolin Hennessy's lowly walk of life; the air was full of the subtle aroma of holly and spruce, greens and mistletoe fairly lined the pavements, machines sped here and there with shrill warnings, shoppers, bundle laden, crowded Gwendolin; children pressed cold wistful noses against colder window panes beyond which lay marvelous things which never tempted them at any other time. The Christmas spirit and the Christmas snow were in the air.

A red velour hat was not hard to find in the big store where Gwendolin sought it. Several of them stood, like spots of an October sunset, on tall brass sticks.

Gwendolin fingered one of them lovingly and discovered that it was a soft and silken as it looked. A supercilious salesperson regarded the Irish child suspiciously.

"How much is this hat?" asked Gwendolin in her usual crisp businesslike tones. Gwendolin Hennessy wrested a living from an unwilling world every day, and the supercilious salesperson had no effect upon her.

"Eight dollars—" said the salesperson wearily, and tapped her thin lip with two slim fingers.

Gwendolin gasped.

"My—they're awful cheap, ain't they Shure, that's me luck. The only time in me whole life, and Christmastime at that, whin I start out to do somethin' for meself, I get a slam like that!"

A little old lady, bent and weighed down with costly furs, turned and looked at Gwendolin Hennessy piercingly. Her sharp face was almost hidden in her fur collar and under her low dark hat, but she breathed the comforts and luxuries of life in every withered line of her.

Gwendolin Hennesy paid her scant attention; all her soul was centered in the red velour hat. Her thin little fingers handled it wistfully, lovingly, while the supercilious salesperson stood by and regarded her suspiciously.

"Do you want that hat, child?" asked a sharp, thin little voice very close to Gwendolin, and she jumped, almost treading upon the toes of the little weazened old lady in furs.

"Do I want it," Gwendolin repeated with fine scorn. "Am I breathin'? after Pop and doin' things for me neighbors that I've niver had time to

treat meself to anything. And now whin I want to and it's Christmas—shure—phwat I want's as far as the moon. Anyhow, I guess I'd be a sight in it."

She moved away, looking back, however, regretfully at the hat.

"Come here—come here, child!" said the little old lady still very sharply. "If you want it you may have it. It's Christmas and—well, I haven't given a Christmas present for ten years nor had one."

Gwendolin Hennessy approached unbelievingly, her blue eyes wide. "Do yez mane it?" she queried faintly—and touched the red beauty again with eager fingers—"Ye're foolin' ain't ye?"

"I am not," was the grim reply. "You're the queerest talking child I ever heard, and it's Christmas, and I never give anybody anything, haven't anybody I want to give anythingto—and—well, that's enough. Let the child have the hat."

This to the supercilious salesperson who complied, with a trifle less superciliousness, and when Gwendolin held the paper bag in her hands and had peeped within it to make sure her red treasure was really there, she looked up with brimming eyes at the giver.

"Shure, I'll niver forget ye," she said solemnly. "Me Christmas'll be merry for once, ma'am, whether I have anything to eat or not—and I wish ye the same!"

Before the rather astonished old lady could reply Gwendolin had vanished in the Christmas crowds with her prize clutched tightly in her thin arms.

One would never have guessed that the long legged, rather homely little girl in the faded green sweater and the gray felt Hennessy heirloom walked upon air, or that the gray felt was in reality high among the clouds, but it was so; at last Gwendolin Hennessy had caught the glorious meaning of a Merry Christmas; she was one with a holiday world, while—"Bless my soul!" gasped the little old lady angrily. "Where has the child got to? I was nowhere near through asking her about herself! Funniest child I ever saw in all my born days!"

But the supercilious salesperson sniffed and set another red velour hat where Gwendolin's had been.

That night as Gwendolin toiled up the weary flights of stairs to her room in the tenement house in Sunshine Court, she held her hat close to her breast, and peered in here and there at doors she knew, shaking her head pityingly at each one.

So many babes, and no Santa Claus, so many who knew not what Christmas might be!

Gwendolin felt selfish and wicked, as she held her own Christmas to her heart. If those poor things about her could feel what she felt at this moment!

Why—in the room of the little twins, Mary and Miles Moran, whose mother worked in a restaurant there was not even fire. Gwendolin went swiftly past their door, that she might not hear or see.

Only a child who has many desires and but one gratified, can possibly know what Gwendolin felt that night when she held a lamp above her head and regarded herself with breathless admiration in the glass above the kitchen table.

The red hat lent itself to any soft curve Gwendolin desired; it was a wonderfully accommodating, friendly kind of hat, and Gwendolin talked to it.

"Ah, ye beauty, ye're tryin' yer best to make me good-lookin'—" she told it fondly—"But it's mighty poor stuff ye've got to work with. Still there's wan thing—I'll be happy whiniver I wear ye and maybe that'll help. But $8—O, me sowl!"

The very next afternoon, but two days now from Christmas, the little sharp faced, sharp tongued old lady in the furs, found Gwendolin again. She had descended the elevated steps to the limousine that stood at the curb and by chance she noticed the little girl at the newstand.

"Well, if it isn't she snapped, and one might have thought she was very much annoyed—"I saw the hat first. Come here, child—come here to me."

Gwendolin complied wonderfully. the red velour hat turned coquettishly off her sallow little face.

"I expect you're a terribly busy woman," said the little lady grimly. "I imagined you were yesterday; but I want you to come along home with me now, this minute. Anybody else who can tend this stand for a few hours "

"Yes'm," replied Gwendolin still wonderingly, "Pop's back here—he ain't often, but he is now. I'll get him."

The little old lady stood by her car in grim silence while Gwendolin produced her father and left him in charge, then she ordered the east side child into the big machine, and said "Home, Clayton," just as the ladies did in the magazine stories Gwendolin read in lax moments.

She felt glad she had on the velour hat. At least her head was well dressed!

"I'll tell you something," said the little old lady, staring fiercly at Gwendolin Hennessy. "I never knew it was Christmas until I saw you yesterday. Haven't paid any attention to it for ten years."

"Why?" asked Gwendolin, wide eyed, "I love Christmases, meself.

"You do?"

"Shure! The air gets so full of somethin'—I don't know phwhat—it gets me all excited ivery year. It's just the way I'm made, I guess. Mrs. O'Rourke says I'm a quare wan."

"Mrs. O'Rourke is a woman of perception," the little old lady almost smiled, though her voice was still grim. "I've a good bit of money, child, and nobody but myself cares what becomes of me. I've got it fixed so it goes to hospitals when I die. And so my nieces and nephews haven't any interest in me. I'm taking you home to find out what I can do for you this Christmas; you said something yesterday about not having anything to eat. Are you that poor? Tell me—tell me this minute!"

The little old lady was very snappish but Gwendolin was not a bit afraid of her, and she was about to reply when they arrived at their destination, a

great dull-looking house in upper New York. Gwendolin sat in the library before the little tea table, her feet drawn under her, and the red velour hat close beside her on the sofa. She had never seen so beautiful a room and she frankly said so, which apparently delighted the little old lady, who sharply ordered the butler to bring in more hot muffins.

"And now," said she when Gwendolin was taking a timid delight in the good things set before her, "what would you like me to do for you this Christmastime, Gwendolin Hennessy?"

Before her mind's eye she saw the long rows of tenement house doors she had gazed pityingly upon the night before; she thought of the fireless, well nigh foodless who could know no Christmas cheer, who could feel no joy like hers as she clasped the red velour hat to her heart; she thought of the tots who lived by the score in Sunshine Court, and ere she thought she was telling the little weazened old lady all about her toil up the stairs to her room the night before, all about her pity for those who could feel no Christmas happiness like hers; she told her of the Moran twins in their freezing room, of the little thin toiling mother who worked in a restaurant; she told her in her quaint Irish way of old Daddy O'Brien on the fifth floor, who could not walk and who was cared for now and then by kindly Mrs. O'Rourke and herself.

Sitting on the tufted sofa in the little old lady's luxurious library with her worn shoes tucked beneath her and her precious hat close beside her, Gwendolin Hennessy opened her heart to her strange hostess and spoke simply and gravely of the side of life she knew, surely the saddest one could know, the little old lady thought when she finished and she looked at Gwendolin very strangely.

"My dear," said she, and quite suddenly all the snappinshness was gone from her voice and it sounded very soft and tender, "do you wish me to make a merry Christmas for all these poor souls—is that your answer to my question?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, I wouldn't be askin' ye that!" gasped Gwendolin. "I was just tellin' ye phwhat I was wishin' and thinkin' last night goin' upstairs wid me hat!"

"Wouldn't it be merry, though if we did all those things, Gwendolin " asked the little old lady musingly. "If we took fire and food and a gift or two to poor Daddy O'Brien, and the Moran twins, and their little mother, and all the ten little Saponskis who are so much abused? Wouldn't you like to go about with me from door to door like that?

"And we'll get something for that woman of perception, Mrs. O'Rourke, and perhaps—at the last—a little, little gift for a certain Gwendolin Hennessy the queerest child I ever knew. Wouldn't you like that?"

Gwendolin clasped her thin hands.

"O, ma'am, wouldn't it be grand!" she cried eagerly. "Are yez really manin' it?"

The little old lady tried in vain to get back some of her snappishness, but somehow her eyes were wet.

"Of course, child, I'm meaning it," she nodded grimly. "And we must make your friends understand, Gwendolin, as we go from one to another, that the Christmas cheer and the Christmas spirit had not its birth in my pocketbook, but in Gwendolin Hennessy's heart."

She laid one withered hand on Gwendolin's exalted young head as she spoke, but the Irish child, in a moment of exuberant youth which seldom came to her, caught up the red velour hat and waved it.

"Shure, ma'am, it's this that done it all, me bright red darlin'!" she cried with shrill joy. "'Merrie Christmas' it says to me the minute I laid eyes on it, and 'Merrie Christmas' it'll be sayin' til it falls apart!"

THE CHILDREN.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

By Phila Butler Bowman.

Christmas night was closing in, sweet and white above the world. In a thousand homes, by a thousand chimneys, little stockings hung. In a thousand homes a thousand little child hearts beat with hope and a thousand little faces flushed at the joyful thought of what Christmas would bring.

Tommy sat by the window and looked out at the fair white world, the cold white street and the snow-capped lamp posts with their eyes of blinking light. Then drawing the soft rug of the window seat up closely about him he looked over at his one pair of lonely little stockings hanging by the fireplace and he sighed in happy content.

He was all ready for bed and mother had let him come downstairs to add a postscript to his Santa Claus letter. Now he was waiting while mother went to attend to the baker's boy.

It was of that letter mother was thinking as she went out to answer the baker's boy, and something in mother's thoughts made a sad little shadow on her face.

Tommy had told mother all the words slowly and she had written them, for Tommy was such a little boy yet, and his letter was a rather long one.

Tommy was the only little boy in this loving family, but then there was a very jolly, best sort of a father, the dearest and most beautiful of mothers, the sweetest of grandmothers and the most loving of grandfathers—to say nothing of an Uncle Ned and an Aunt Nellie, and lots of now-and-then people, besides the every-day folk.

Yet—and this was what made the shadow on mother's face—in Tommy's letter there was no mention of anyone but just Tommy and what Tommy wanted.

Mother had said very gently, "And now what shall I write to Santa Claus about grandma?"

"Oh, nuffin'."

"Let me see. She has not hung up her stocking. I suppose any message would have to come through Tommy?"

But Tommy was silent.

It was just then that the baker boy rang.

Mother brought him in and told him to sit by the fire while she took the big packages from his cold hands.

He was a very big boy—so it looked to Tommy—but he seemed a very little boy to mother, and his feet were cold and wet, and his cap was too small, and there were bare spaces between his mittens and his sleeves, leaving his wrists red and chapped.

Mother brought him hot milk to drink and asked him if he was going to hang up his stocking tonight— looking across, as she spoke, at the little figure curled in the soft rug of the window seat.

But the baker boy said, "Oh, no, ma'am. Christmas ain't for us kids." And he went out again into the fair white world which seemed to look colder to Tommy since the baker boy stepped into it. Mother followed him, and Tommy could hear the murmuring of her voice asking gentle questions, but he could not hear the words.

The baker boy did look cold, and his shoes were dreadfully old—and Tommy had asked Santa Claus for shoes—red ones. Tommy had no red shoes! It was not such terribly cold weather anyway, and probably some big grown person would see that the baker boy had new shoes.

"Did my little lad care to ask Santa Claus for something for anyone else?" mother asked. "You may leave out just some little thing, you know, and ask for something in its place for some other little boy if you wish."

A queer sort of feeling, uncomfortable and heavy, came in Tommy's chest, and a choky feeling in his throat, and he was silent a minute.

Then he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "No, I guess not. Probably all the other boys can write some letters if they want to. I guess I'll go to bed."

Mother took Tommy's hand and led him up to his pretty room with its lovely hangings, its soft rugs, its little brass bed and wide windows.

"Good night, little son," was all she said after he finished his prayers, but Tommy knew mother was disappointed.

He did wish the baker boy had not come. Everything was so beautiful before that, with the lovely white world and mother's face and the flickering fire and Christmas eve and his own two red stockings hanging by the fire-place.

But he did want the red shoes! No, he couldn't give up the red shoes. A big lump was in his throat and a big tear rolled down his face. And then, because Tommy was a very little boy and because it was very late for him to be awake, he fell asleep with the tear undried on his cheek.

It was then that the strange thing happened.

Tommy suddenly found himself downstairs in the wide window seat once more, cuddled down under the red rug and looking out at the white Christmas world, while the firelight flickered and shone upon the wall.

He turned to look once more at his stockings. Wonder of wonders! There were his stockings, and hanging close beside them were two bigger, longer stockings. They had big holes at the knee and in the toes. He knew them at once for the baker boy's stockings. It was seeing the big holes in the knees that had first made the lump come in his throat.

His own stockings were crowded to the very top and things were spilling over to the floor, while the stockings of the baker boy hung limp and empty.

But the very wonderful part of the matter—the part that made Tommy sit up and rub his eyes hard to find out if he really saw aright, was this—all the gifts and toys had queer little heads and funny little legs and wings, and they were talking in little squeaking voices.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the skates, with a soft clashing of mirth. "It is Christmas eve and Santa Claus put me in the wrong stocking. Such fine bright skates were never meant for a selfish boy. I want to go to a boy who lends his toys," and with a flutter of wings the skates rose, sparkling in the firelight, and flew straight to the baker boy's stocking.

Tommy gave a gasp and held his breath. He could hear the other gifts talking in their pretty piping voices.

"Well, I know this," said a beautiful ball, "one of my brothers was blamed sadly last month for going through a big plate glass window, and now Santa Claus is giving me to that same boy who threw my brother ball. Now I may be sent where I am not wanted and be thrown into the mud by some one, as he was, unless I find a safe owner. I think I will follow the skates." He lifted his dainty wings and popped up his funny little head and flew across to the baker boy's stocking, looking so fat and jolly and lovable that Tommy cried out in disappointment.

"What was that?" said the Jack-in-the-box in a startled tone, trying to pull down the cover and hide himself, and all the toys kept very still for a long time.

Tommy sat still, too, in the window seat, and hoped that none of the others would move.

There was a beautiful music box. How he had longed for one! There was a train of cars, a pile of beautiful books, and such a sled!

He leaned forward and listened. The sled was talking:

"I wish Santa Claus would ask us where we want to go. Now I was intended from the very beginning to be given to a little boy who loves to run errands for his mother. There isn't a finer sled in this town than I am. I am broad and light and strong, and just the thing for a boy who loves to carry parcels for his mother, or to give another boy a ride on his sled with him. I think I will just fly over to the baker boy's stocking."

The sled rose so lightly on its wings that Tommy could scarcely keep from crying out again as he thought how wonderful it would be to ride on a sled with wings!

Why, he could do errands for mother! He had not thought much about it before. He had not meant to be selfish. Was not one gift going to stay with him? Were there any red shoes? Yes, there were—oh, such dear little red shoes, with tiny wings at the top! Would they stay with him? Or would they fly away as the skates and the sled and the ball had done? Tommy trembled with fear. They were whispering to each other.

"Tommy really does errands for his mother sometimes. It's only that he doesn't think. And he comes very willingly when he is called, and that, you know, is something to commend," said the right red shoe to the left red shoe.

"Yes, but he has so many pairs of shoes—brown ones and white ones, and ever so many pairs of is so broken that the snow comes in, and we could black ones—and the baker boy's only pair of shoes stretch out so he could wear us," said the left red shoe to the right red shoe.

"But we are so thin, and Tommy was really thinking about asking Santa Claus to give the baker boy some shoes, and I am sure he will be a loving and unselfish boy when he learns a little more." This the right red shoe said.

So the little red shoes fluttered there on the floor, one rising and the other pulling his mate back again, for all the world as Tommy's good and bad resolves always fluttered back and forth. Suddenly Tommy stretched out his hands toward the funny shoe heads and cried out:

"Oh, please don't go flying away all of you to the baker boy without giving me one chance. I do not need you all: I thought I wanted to give something to the baker boy, and now I know I do. I want to write my letter over, and I could—oh, the—dear—little—red—shoes—"

But every little funny head had drawn back frightened. Every little voice was still. The fire went down low and the room was very still, all but the "tick-tock, tick-tock" of the little cuckoo clock.

But the cuckoo clock was in Tommy's own room, and he was—yes, he was in his own little bed and mother's arms were close around her little boy, and she was saying:

"There, there! Tell mother all about it. What has my little son been dreaming about, and what is it about dear little red shoes?"

Then Tommy looked all around his room with its pretty rugs and soft hangings and little brass bed, and knew that he had been dreaming. And he was glad, very glad, that he still had a chance.

He brushed the tears away and cried out: "Oh, mother, dear, please make it light and get me a pencil quick! I want to write my letter to Santa Claus all over."

And mother knew, as she went for the pencil to write the new, sweet Christmas letter, that while her little son slept the Christmas angel had visited him and brought him a beautiful dream.

PETER PERRY'S CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

Ethel Bowen White.

"He pressed the flower! Thank goodness, he pressed the flower!" murmured Santa Claus from his comfortable feather-bed.

Mrs. Claus sat close by, mending a terrible tear in a bright coat trimmed with white fur. At his words, down dropped the bright red coat, down dropped the needle, down dropped her scissors, and down dropped twenty spools of cotton; all the spools rolled rapidly into mysterious corners and into darkest hiding-places. Mrs. Claus paid no attention to the fallen coat, to the scissors, nor to the twenty spools; instead, she hurried anxiously to her husband's bedside, asking:—

"What are you talking about, Santa dear? Goodness gracious me! Your eyes are closed! Are you dreaming? Who pressed the flower, and what flower did he press "

"Tell me first how long I've slept and what day it is, then I'll answer all your questions," chuckled Santa Claus, rubbing his sleepy blue eyes, then at last opening them to look at his frightened wife.

"Two days you've slept, Santa, and to-day is December 27th. Now for my questions!" insisted Mrs. Claus.

"Well, then, when I went to see my last little boy I discovered a truly terrible thing, my dear, a truly terrible thing! I found I hadn't a toy left in my pack! No, not a single solitary toy!" Then Santa Claus told his story:—

"There sat Peter Perry in his small wooden bed, the light peeping in at his window. (Little did he guess old Santa Claus was peeping in too,worried most out of his bright red coat and his great leather boots!) Peter looked around the room twice very carefully, very searchingly, before he said: "Guess Santa Claus must be dead! There's nothing for me this Christmas Day! No, not one thing! What shall I do? There isn't a thing in the whole house which I haven't played with already and which I don't know all about except—except—why, sure enough, there's the old trinket-box! Mother's old trinket-box! I never looked inside that—I don't know why! I'll just have to pretend that's for my Christmas!'

"Up jumped Peter. On a chair he climbed, lifde the old mahogany trinket-box gently down from the shelf, and placed it on the foot of his bed. He covered himself all up snug as could be and closed his eyes tight. In a minute he opened them to look around; then he cried: 'Why, Santa Claus isn't dead at all! There's my present right on the foot of my own bed!'

"Inside the trinket-box lay rolls of finest lace upon the faded blue brocade lining. Peter lifted the fragile tray, a tray made exactly like the tray of a trunk, only this was a very small trunk and an ex-

tremely small tray. Underneath he found the most wonderfuly carved tortoise-shell snuff-box you ever saw in all your life! Yet of what use are laces and snuff-boxes to eight-year-old boys?

"Peter eyes looked sad enough, his lips trembled in a most threatening manner, but he tried to whistle. I looked again into my good-for-nothing old pack. For the first time I hated it! I shook it! Peter began to trace the tiny carved vines and flowers on the snuff-box with one finger, wondering how any one had ever been skilful enough to carve them so perfectly. Suddenly he gave a jump! So did I my dear for the most thrilling thing in all the world happened right there before our very eyes!

"As Peter's finger touched the littlest flower a secret door flew open, and out from the snuff-box stepped the darlingest, daintiest, weeniest, teeniest, fairy bird. He fluttered his glittering,, greenish-golden wings. He opened his teeny-weeny bill! He sang the sweetest, gayest Christmas song ever heard upon this ancient earth of ours—then snap went that secret door—no bird was left!

"Peter called: 'Come back, my Christmas fairy bird! Oh, come back to Peter Perry!' But no bird came.

"Once more Peter tried to whistle. Once more he pressed the carved flower—nothing happened! Absolutely nothing! Peter turned the snuff-box over and over. He held it close to his ear to hear if the bird were still singing softly inside the tortoise-shell snuff-box. All at once he whispered: 'What's this hole? I say—what's this hole for, right in the middle of this carved rose on the side of the snuff-box?' With trembling fingers he shook each bit of lace, and sure enough, down from one roll there dropped the smallest key in all the world!

"Into the tiny hole Peter thrust the key. He held his breath, so did I. It turned,—my dear, it turned! We thought it would surely unlock the door which had snapped! We thought the darlingest, daintiest, weeniest, teeniest fairy bird would come out again and sing—but it didn't!

"Then at last I had an idea! I forgot who I was! I forgot I shouldn't let children see me! I forgot everything! I knocked at the window, and yelled: 'Wind your key Peter Perry! Keep winding it! Now press the flower,' and then, my love, oh, then out came that precious little Christmas bird! Once more he sang his sweet, sweet song! Once more the door went click; only this time Peter knew that all he had to do was to wind that littlest key, to press that littlest flower, and always his Christmas fairy bird would fly to him and sing. When Peter looked up to thank me, I wasn't there," ended Santa Claus, laughing gayly, "for I decided it was high time for me to be getting home to you, my dear, and besides, I was very, very sleepy."

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